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The High School Annual

Published by the Students of
Mansfield High School
Mansfield, Ohio

Volume XLV

Published by the Annual Staff in behalf of the Senior Class
of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-One

1 M S

To

Miss Katherine Aberle

in sincere appreciation of her understanding spirit and loyal work in behalf of our school, the class of nineteen hundred twenty-one dedicate this, the fourteenth volume of the Annual.

410155

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Louise Garber

Business Manager ..... Philip Elliott

Assistant Business Manager ..... Wilbur Remy—'22

Photo Editor ..... Carrie Moore

Literary Editor ..... Robert Ackerman

Poetry Editor ..... Emily Nolan

Journal Editor ..... Phyllis Morrison

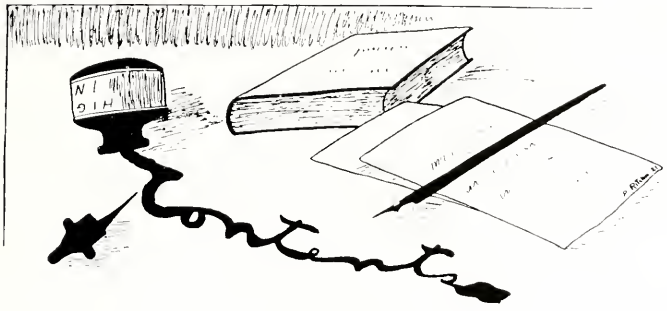
Social Editor ..... Josephine Fernyak

Art Editor ..... Paul Ritchie

Athletic Editor ..... Kenneth Sotherland

Music Editor ..... Paul Sarbry

Grind Editor ..... Lucille McClellan



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PRIZE AWARDS

Prize Senior Story
EDWIN PALM

Prize Junior Story
HURST ANDERSON

Prize Sophomore Story
LOUISE HANCOCK

Prize Freshman Story
BERTHA SEYEGLD

Prize Drawing
RUTH MILLER

Honorary Mention
ESTHER WOOD

Editorials

This year, on the whole, has been a healthy and normal one for our High School. All the social functions were decided successes, our athletics were in no sense a failure, and all enterprises of the school were loyally supported. Then, too, in various ways, M. H. S. has risen and will continue to aspire to a higher standard morally and intellectually. Who could ask more?

This year our school library was greatly increased, due to the need of more reference books. The Reformatory, in return for fiction contributed by pupils, sent many valuable volumes, mostly of technical nature. The library committee appealed to the study clubs of the city for aid. Some books were contributed by outsiders interested in the movement, making a total of about twelve hundred volumes. An index system on a regular library basis was introduced. Pupils have used the books for reference constantly throughout the study periods and after schools hours. There has been a circulation of about seventy-five books daily. But this is only the beginning. We hope to have a real library in our new High School.

An eighth period was added to the school day to give those who had been absent an opportunity to make up their work, and incidentally to decrease the percentage of absence. The result was successful both from the standpoint of scholarship and attendance.

High School Spirit! How glorious and inspiring it may be; how petty and contemptible. As surely as a nation is stamped by the character and ideals of its people so our schools are the revelation of our ideals and the reflection of our spirit. What kind of a spirit has M. H. S.? Is it worthy? Or indifferent, selfish and divided? M. H. S. has upheld the ideal of clean athletics, has stood for good sportsmanship and loyal support of all activities. The classes have not cultivated a jealous or antagonistic spirit. In any dissension which arises, the student body is willing to stand for what is right. There is a more serious attitude toward school work than formerly, a greater feeling of personal responsibility, of unified spirit, of patriotism toward our school. We are proud of our spirit and our ideals. May they ever live.

A novel and democratic system of conducting history classes was introduced this year by Miss McClure. Each class drew up a constitution, and elected for terms of three weeks by ballot a chairman, vice-chairman and secretary-treasurer. The chairman presided over the classes, parliamentary law prevailing, and appointed the following committees: literature committee, which reported on literature pertaining to the times studied; current events committee, which reported and assigned topics to the class; and critic committee, which should observe all faults in the conduct of class discussion, inspect the notebooks of the class and take charge of make-up work. This system was a great improvement over the former, for not only was it more interesting, but at the same time it was a training in the knowledge and duties of citizenship.

'21 once entertained the hope that it should be the first class to graduate from the new High School. Soon, however, this hope faded, as it became evident that there were no signs of a new High School. Now we leave our old M. H. S. with the satisfaction of knowing that we have helped to gain that which we have not had the privilege of enjoying ourselves, and we wish for our under-classmates the best and biggest school that Mansfield is able to build.

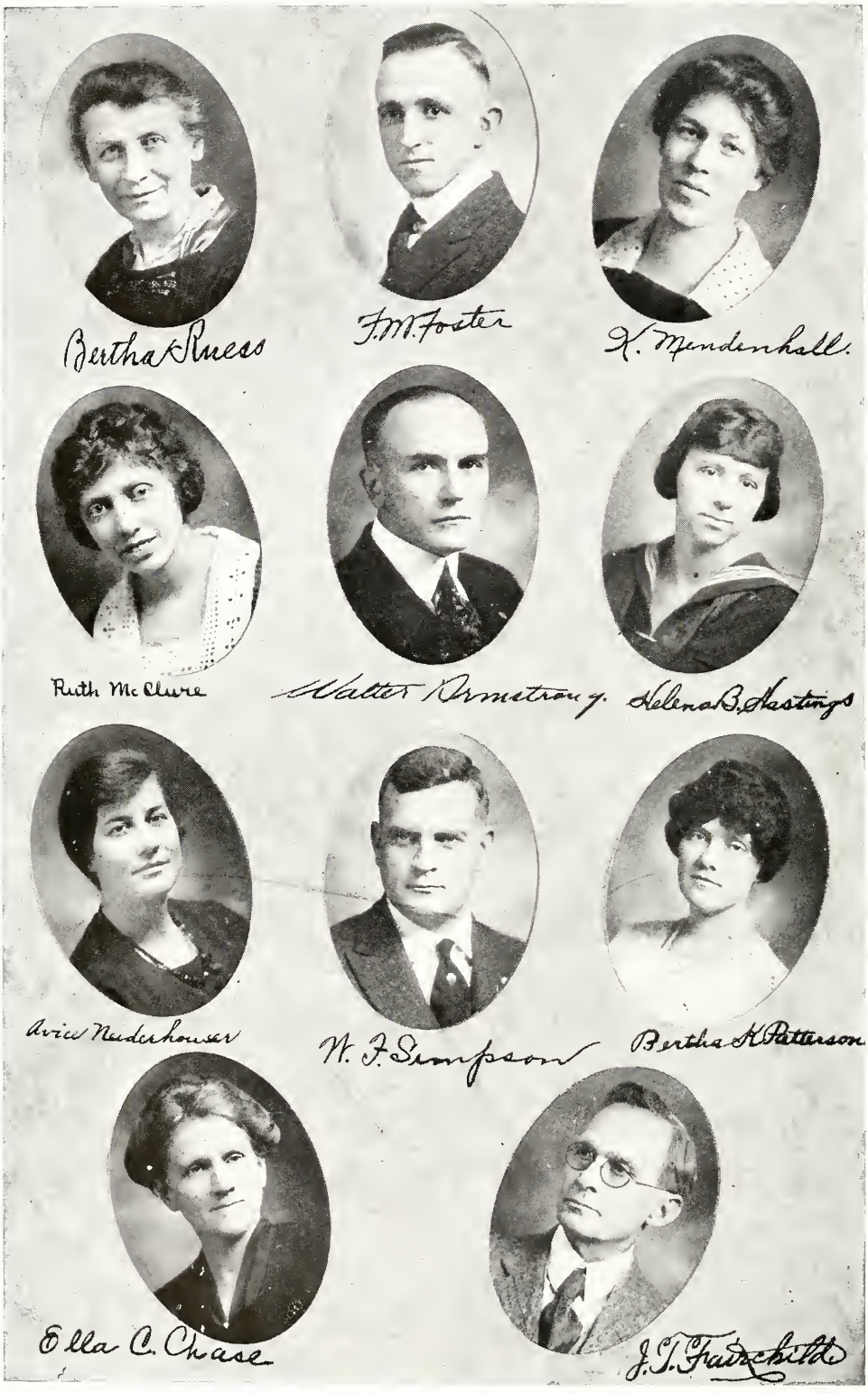
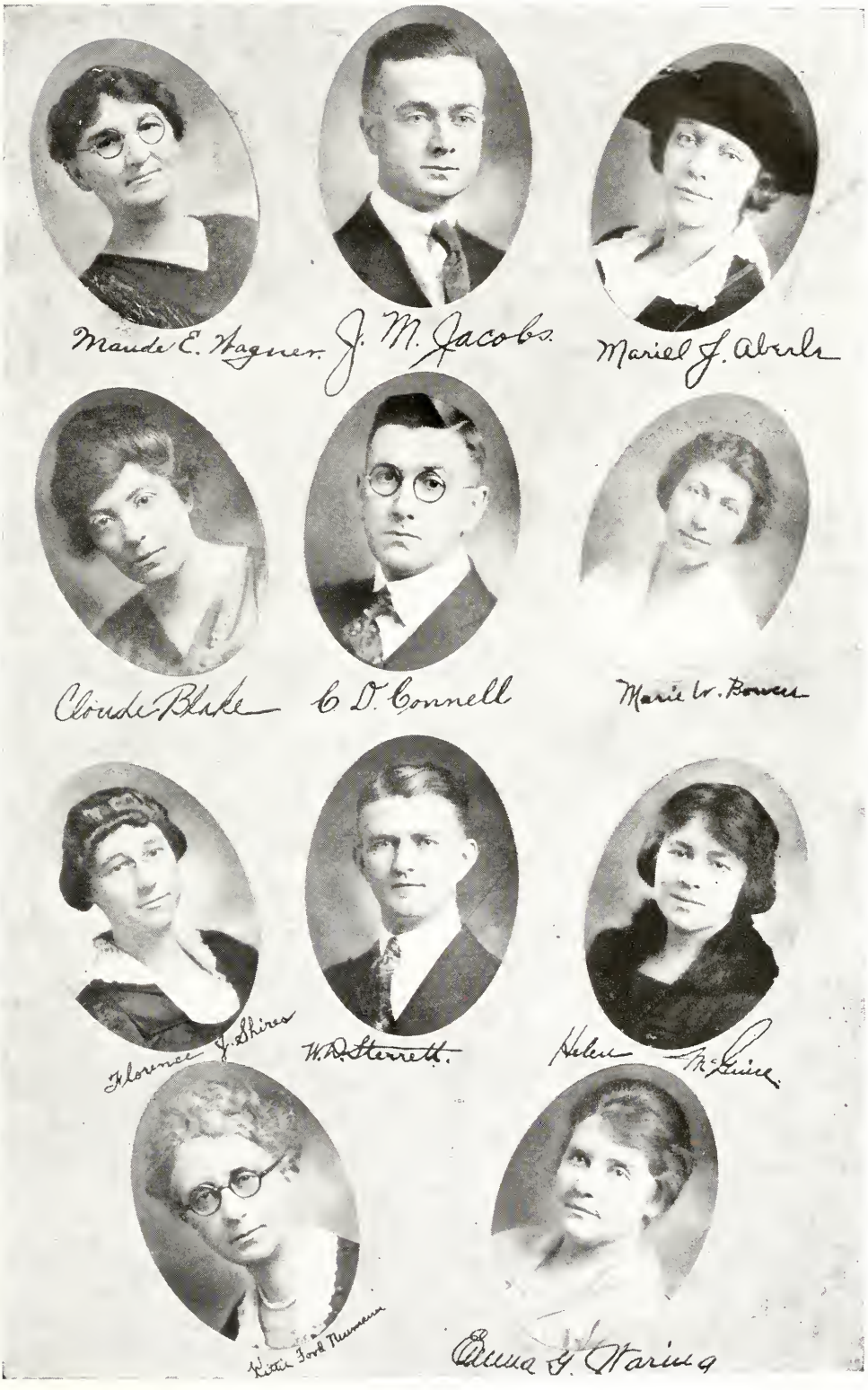
We surrender to your hands this, the fourteenth volume of the Annual. Great difficulties had to be overcome this year. For the first time the Annual must pay for itself. Realizing the great responsibility, we have endeavored to produce a book which would fulfill not only this condition, but which would, in itself, be a worthy representative of our school. How well we may have succeeded, you yourselves must judge. Be lenient to its faults, we pray. We wish to express our gratitude to those who have aided in the composition and publication of the Annual, especially Mr. Whitehouse, Miss McClure, Miss Patterson, Miss Shires and all who have aided either by contribution or typing.

Superintendent H. H. Helter

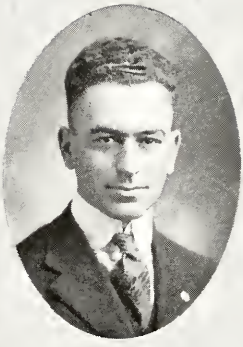
Superintendent H. H. Helter received his degree from Ohio Wesleyan University (B. A.), and from Columbia University (M. A.). His superintendency of our Mansfield schools dates back thirteen years. Under his careful supervision the schools have prospered and rank among the best, and his efforts for the betterment of higher education are much appreciated by the faculty and student bodies.

Mr. Frank Whitehouse

Mr. Whitehouse is an alumus of Ohio Wesleyan University. He directed many High Schools throughout Ohio and elsewhere before he came to Mansfield three years ago. His leadership has proven a success in every way and it is to him and his able corps of teachers that the activities of M. H. S. have thriven, and to his progressive spirit and high ideals that our High School has been raised to a higher standard of scholarship.

FACULTY

Bertha Ruess
F. M. Foster
K. Mendenhall.
Ruth McClure
Walter Armstrong
Helena B. Hastings
Avice Neuderhouser
W. F. Simpson
Bertha H. Patterson
Ella C. Chase
J. T. Fairchild

Maude E. Wagner
J. M. Jacobs
Mariel J. Abuhl
Claude Blake
C. D. Connell
Marie M. Bowen
Florence J. Shires
W. D. Sterrett
Helen M. Guise
Anna G. Marino

Anna M. Knote



H. F. McLaughlen

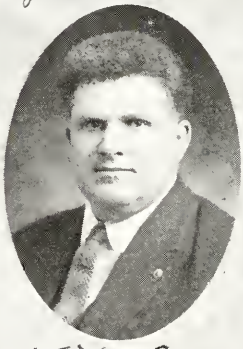
Kate L. Moore

Helen C. Bloor

George S. Reinhart

Mary A. Brandow.

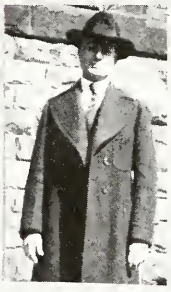
E. L. Crim



H. U. Leedy.

Mary Aberle

Katherine Aberle

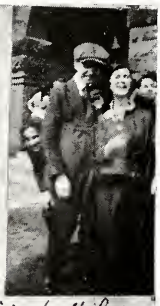


OUR FACULTY

Name	Subject	Favorite Expression	Hobby
Mary Aberle	General History, Ancient History	"Glorious!"	Giving advice.
Mariel Aberle	Ancient History, Biology	"I hate to treat you like children, but——"	Movies.
Walter Armstrong	General Science	"What is the 'why' of it?"	Keeping Freshmen at work.
Cloude Blake	English I, II	"Study II."	Singing—for my own amusement.
Helen Bloor	English II	"Let's have it quiet now."	Theatre.
Marie Bowers	Latin I, III, IV	"Now, folks."	Birds.
Mrs. B. L. Chase	Latin I, II	"Sure!"	Carrying her pocketbook.
Mr. Connell	Commercial Arithmetic	"Come on, class, a little more pep."	Teaching "Rapid Consolation."
E. D. Crim	Salesmanship, Bookkeeping, Commercial Geography	"Absolutely so!"	Arguing.
J. T. Fairchild	Plane Geometry, Advanced Algebra	"Let's have it, Let's have it."	Mathematics
F. M. Foster	Plane Geometry	"Let's go."	Bridge.
Helena Hastings	Penmanship	"My dear."	Swimming.
Anna K. Knote	M. & M. History, American History, Civics	"I've said this many times before, but will say it again."	Traveling.
Mr. Jacobs	Physics, Algebra I	"All right."	Rook.
H. U. Leedy	Citizenship, Economics, Sociology Commercial Law, English III	"My conscience!"	Music.

Name	Subject	Favorite Expression	Hobby
Kathleen Mendenhall	French I, II, III	"Hurry up."	Sight seeing.
Kate Moore	Algebra I English History	"Now, children."	Growing flowers.
Ruth McClure	American History, Civics, English I	"Bless its heart!"	Fashions.
Helen McGuire	Typewriting	"Quiet, please."	Writing out plots for plays.
Mr. McLaughlin	Algebra I English I	"No Ma'am." (especially to boys.)	Checkers
Mrs. Neumann	Study I	"Oh dear!"	Books.
Avice Neiderhouser	Shorthand	"Have you your work up to date?"	Walking.
Bertha Patterson	Spanish I, II English IV	"Now, tomorrow—"	Candy making.
George Reinhart	Latin II English I	"Everybody understand that?"	Chess.
Bertha Ruess	English III	'Of course."	Quotations.
Florence Shires	English II, IV	"Throw your gum in the basket."	Fixing the furnace.
W. F. Simpson	Algebra I Plane Geometry	"For instance"	Changing schedules.
W. D. Sterrett	Chemistry	"Write the equation for that reaction."	Chemistry.
Maude Wagner	Study II	"Sh-h-h-h."	Discipline.
Emma Waring	General Science	"Scientifically speaking."	Play practice.

"Us"



"Gee, it's funny"

"Marge, Rah!"

"A mixture."

M.H.S, "I'm no prop."

"Middy Squad"

"Ain't we's go' fu..."

"Emery Trifolets"

"Alice"

President
Robert Ackerman
Vice President
Paul Sarboe
Secretary
Emily Nolan
Treasury
Paul Ritchie
Sergeant-At-Arms
Harold Underwood
Seniors
L. L. McGee

Seniors

Four years ago we came
To dear old M. H. S.
We've won our share of fame,
We've tried to do our best.

We've struggled through the years.
Those years were filled with fun,
And work and hope, and fears,
The lot of twenty-one.

We've loved our friends so true,
We've loved our dear old school,
Our team, our music, too,
Our "pep" was never cool.

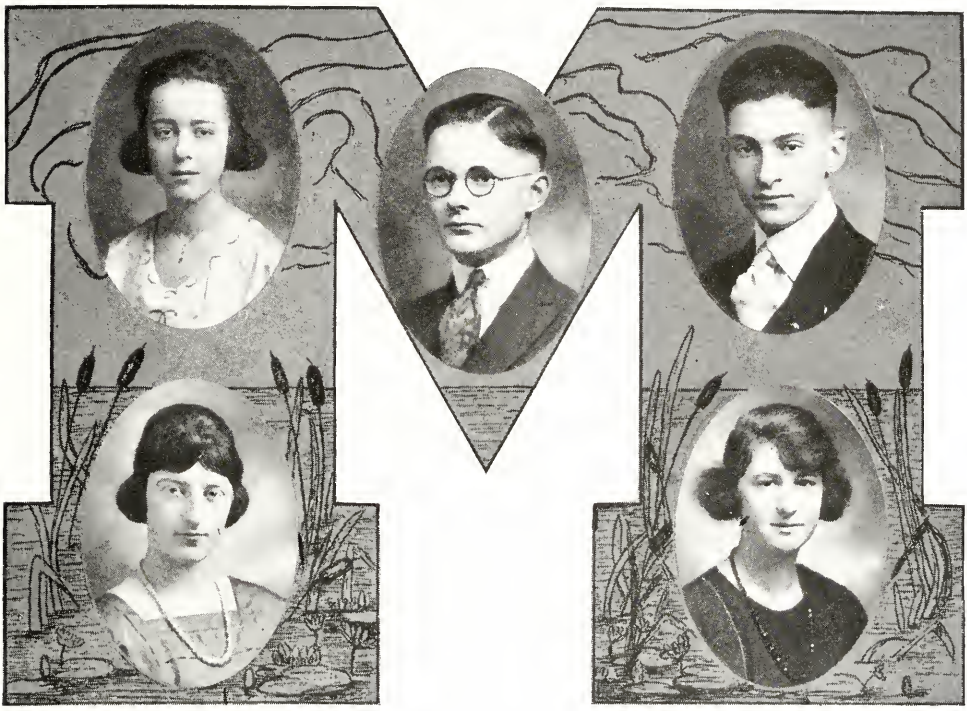
Our eyes now fill with tears.
We've learned enough, 'tis plain.
They cast us out, my dears,
Is such bad treatment sane?

But gladness comes with dole,
Commencement Day is nigh!
We've almost reached our goal,
Our hopes are rising high.

We've been so very wise
Much knowledge to acquire,
That soon we'll realize
Ambition's fond desire.

Our fates may bear us far,
Our lives be "comfy," cold;
Yet what from memory can bar
The Purple and the Gold?

—Helen McCready



ELIZE OSTER

Blue Triangle

Elize is loyal and true-blue. Maybe that's the reason she prefers blue to any other color. Judging from the notes she gets, she is quite a popular lady.

WINFIELD HALDEMAN *"Winnie"*

Hi-Y (4)

A new member of M. H. S., but one of us just the same. A jolly good fellow whose thoughts (of a Junior girl) run in deep channels. One who is ever alert and active.

EUGENE BOLING *" Gene"*

Is he in love? We think so! It's a rare treat to see " 'Gene" blush when he's confused. He's dignified and steady (concerning the latter, ask D. C.) and a positive genius in math.

HELEN FRASHER *"Brickie"*

It's not only her hair that gave "Brickie" her name, for whenever she supports a cause it's as good as won. This her achievements at Lodi High testify. How she can argue!

LUCILE DAY

Hypho (4), Blue Triangle

Lucile is a living example that a hot temper does not always accompany auburn hair. Her sunny smile would drive away the darkest clouds, and despite the fact that she ranks high in scholarship, she is always ready for a good time.

MARY FLOWERS *"Posey"*

Girls' Glee Club (4)

Drawing pictures in class, whispering to the boys, asking questions and chewing gum are prominent characteristics of "Posey," and as inseparable from her as green from grass. In fact, we wouldn't recognize her without them.

OLIVE COPE *"Dickey," "Giggles"*

Did you ever see Olive in a hurry? Of course not. Nor without her lessons either. She never was known to flunk even on the morning after the night before. Slow and deliberate.

SARAH MARTIN *"Sadie"*

Sarah must be an optimist for we have never seen her fretful or discouraged. A faithful student and quiet when she should be, namely, at school. We would fall over if we ever heard her shout.

GEORGE TAYLOR

A young man of determination who attends to his own affairs and gets his lessons. Rather reserved in class, but with qualities which give promise to success in life. We don't blame a certain Junior for being attracted.

WALTER PIERCE *"Walt"*

Hi-Y (4)

Any attempt on Walter's part to be serious results disastriously. Occupies his recitation periods by reading newspapers and humming, and is capable of extracting jazz from a funeral march.

VAUGHN HENRY *"Vog—n"*

Hypho (3), Treasurer (3), Pin and Ring Committee

One of our country lads, but you'll not find any hay seeds around Vaughn. He is sure to make friends wherever he goes and what's more, knows how to keep them. "The Real Simon Pure."

DOROTHY EVANS *"Dot"*

Girls' Glee Club (4), Blue Triangle

A real tomboy, if you only knew her, with one of the kindest hearts in the world. Not overly inclined to study, but a good sport, with pep enough for half a high school.

HERBERT NYE—*"Herb"*

Operetta, Hi-Y (4)

Ladies' man, heart-breaker and one of the fun-makers of his class. "Herb" delights in teasing and "Dodging" around, although he can study when occasion demands. Here's luck to a lad who's bound to succeed!

CHRISTINA URICH *"Chris," "Tiny"*

"Tiny" seems most demure, but you see in her eyes life and fun. She is one of our loyal country students, never found shirking her lessons. She might be called Priscilla, for truly there is a John Alden.

LUCILLE MCCLELLAN *"Lucy," "Lucinda"*

Junior Play, Grind Editor, Annual, Blue Triangle

Just look at Lucy's dancing brown eyes and they can tell you more than we. A lovable combination of mischief, pluck and dependability.

RAY POTH

If you never heard of Penny's, ask Ray; he knows. Delights in jokes with the girls, and on the whole gets a good deal of enjoyment out of life, for how in the world would Ray look without that smile he wears?

JAY LONG

Who is more fond of talking and laughing than Jay? He always says what he thinks, but thinks twice before speaking. Every once in a while Jay may be heard chuckling and we know something has struck his funny-bone.

ELEANOR CROUCH

Eleanor's sparkling brown eyes and droll humor have won her many friends. To look at her you would think she had a bit of mischief in her make-up and you would not be mistaken.

OLIVE DOW *"Happy"*

Olive seems rather a quiet girl on first impression, but we know she can talk when she once gets started. She possesses that most priceless of gifts—a happy disposition, for no one ever saw Olive frown.

MILDRED JONES *"Midge"*

Girls' Glee Club (4)

Classy and modern in every respect. Mildred is fully able to take care of herself in any emergency. Likes dancing and all kinds of "good times." A living example of the saying, "Variety is the spice of life."

FLORENCE LORIMER *"Blondie"*

Girls' Glee Club (4), Orchestra (2)

When you look at Florence you never see a thing out of order. Has pretty blue eyes, and hair which rechristened her. A good student, but sometimes lets her lessons slide to attend a "movie" with "him."

HUGH MORRISON *"Betty Jane," "Skelly"*

Football (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), Sergeant-at-arms(3), "M" Association (3) (4), Hi-Y (3)

"Skelly" favors the school with his presence at least twice a week, and doesn't care to study too hard. He brought with him from Alliance his ability in athletics. "I want what I want when I want it."

FRED STAHLHEBER *"Fritz"*

One of our future mayors of Mansfield! Fred's ability, you see, lies in civic lines. He's a gentleman through and through, and screamingly original.

FLORENCE PARKER

Here is a girl who believes in making her actions speak louder than her words. Her hobby is entomology, and she specializes in butterflies. Interested in her studies and mild in her manners.

GERTRUDE BELL *"Gertie"*

Blue Triangle

Gertrude is the young miss with dark eyes and a smile which makes everyone smile in return. She studies hard when not more agreeably occupied, and is rather addicted to gay social life. Don't be alarmed, however, it's not very serious.

CHRISTINE ENGWILER *"Chris"*

Blue Triangle, Hypho (4), Secretary (3), Pin and Ring Committee

With a friend like "Chris" one would feel like attempting anything. All the admirable qualities in the world couldn't make her conceited, although she surely possesses enough to do so. "She makes the best of everything, thinks the best of everybody."

CURTIS FORD *"Curt," "Flivver"*

Sergeant-at-arms (4), Hi-Y (3) (4), Football (3) (4), Basketball (4), "M" Association (3) (4).

"Curt" came to us from Kenton, and some teachers say he is a model young man. Is very particular who his associates are, especially in the case of girls. There's a reason, but he won't tell.

PAUL SARBRY *"Sarb"*

Operetta (3), Boys' Glee Club (3) (4), Quartette (4), Orchestra (3) (4), V. Pres. (4), Hi-Y (4), Music Editor, Annual.

"Sarb" is an extraordinary combination of gravity and wit. Appears sober as a judge, but looks are often deceiving. "I've lived and loved."

EMILY NOLAN *"Anly"*

Hypho (3), Poetry Editor, Annual, Secretary (4)

Ah! Here she comes. Who? Our business lady. Everything about her spells efficiency with a capital E. She is very determined and consequently gets what she goes after.

MARY LEE *"Barney"*

Junior Play, Operetta, Girls' Glee Club (3) (4), Blue Trinagle

Blue-eyed and golden-haired with grace and winsome charm, of course Mary is popular. Subject to frequent attacks of the giggles, but always recovers safely.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

MARIE ULICH

Marie's outstanding trait is her capacity for making friends. She radiates friendship and contentment. We understand that she is going to teach in a little red school house, but we doubt if it will hold her long.

MARIE KEMP

We are afraid Marie is not destined for the business world. Matrimony is already threatening to claim her, and if a certain "Abe" lives up to his name, who knows? Marie may some day be "first lady of the land."

LARUE AUGHEY *"Shruck"*

Hypho (4), Girls' Glee Club (4)

If you ever have a secret and you just can't keep it to yourself, tell LaRue. She'll enjoy it immensely, and perhaps tell you one in return. Her giggles are quite infectious, and yet she's one of the most reliable girls we have. Teaching will claim her for a time.

EDWIN FENSCH *"Eddie"*

Hi-Y (4)

"Eddie" stars in chemistry. He is a man of versatile accomplishments; a fine cartoonist, plays chess and owns a pet saxaphone. Bashful? Has been known to occasionally take girls to the games.

CHARLES CROUCH *"Crouchy"*

Senior Play

What in the world would we do without Charles' ever-present grin? "Crouchy" is one of our big boys, so he rises high on every occasion. A perfect genius in guessing people's age and weight, we hear.

HERBERT SCHETTLER *"Herb"*

Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4), Boys' Glee Club (3) (4), Operetta, Junior Play, Senior Play, Hypho (3), Hi-Y (4), Pin and Ring Committee.

Let "Herb" look as if he were going to speak and every one laughs, for he can say more witty things per minute than most people in a life time. He has fine musical ability, and "everywhere that Herbert goes you'll find his violin, too."

MARIE REMY

A typical High School Miss, characterized by vitality, vim and pep. She is mischievous in class, uses slang, powders her nose, likes the boys and on the whole is a jolly companion and loyal friend.

JACOB KOMITO *"Jake"*

Hello, girls! Here he is, the ladies' pride and joy. Never known to be without a date. Jake excels in history argument, but French is the bane of his existence. Some day he will be a great business man, but until then women and wine will occupy his time.

DOROTHY CHARLES *"Dot"*

Like the violet, Dorothy prefers to remain unobtrusive and happy in her shady nook. We think the violet is one of the sweetest flowers there is, and so do we think Dorothy is one of the sweetest girls. And pretty, too—oh, my, yes.

ETHYL JOHNS *"Peggy"*

Operetta, Girls' Glee Club (3) (4), Blue Triangle

Bubbling over all the time. With what? Enthusiasm for M. H. S., for '21, for her classmates, (and Milton!). The opposite sex fall an easy prey to her charms.

"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a spring to snare them all."

PHYLLIS MORRISON *"Phil," "Phi"*

Journal Editor, Annual, Blue Triangle

"Phi" came to us last year from Alliance, and we wonder how we ever got along without her for no crowd is complete unless she is there. When she once has made up her mind to something, you may be sure she will get it. Fond of athletics and athletes.

EDITH HENLEY *"Ish," "Teedy"*

Edith is one of the good-looking girls for which '21 is famous. Will make a fine stenographer. We hear that a certain Sophomore lad is in danger of becoming a victim to her wiles at present. However, "Tom" is the recipient of her special favors.

IRMA MANITZER *"Patty"*

Irma upholds our scholarship. She's the quiet little person who always gets things done right, and believes in duty before pleasure. Surely her pleasure must be increased all the more.

ROBERT RICHARDSON *"Pat"*

Athletic Manager (4), Hi-Y (4), "M" Association (4)

"Pat" is a jolly good sport. He seldom has all his lessons in one day, but—that's "Pat."

"He loves the girls
In a Ford coupe,
And sometimes it's morning
Ere he hits the hay."

CLARENCE WOLFARTH *"Woots"*

Operetta, Boys' Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Quartette (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y (2) (3) (4)

"The perfect lover." Ask Pep. She knows. Woots is one of the healthy prodigy of M. H. S. with a normal degree of wisdom, and an exceptionally fine voice.

RICHARD REINHART *"Dick"*

Senior Play

Richard's curls are probably his most striking characteristic. The girls just sit and envy him. Dick will tackle any job you ask him, and do it well. An industrious lad, we all admit.

HESTER ROBINSON *"Hetty"*

Hester excited would, indeed, be a marvel. Dignity? She abounds in it. Snobbishness? Not a bit. A shark in math., and has come to apply its logic to every day life.

FOSTER FUNSTON *"Maggie"*

Simply a good reliable member of '21. Foster is so quiet that sometimes we are in doubt whether he has any voice at all, but we give him the benefit of the doubt.

LUCILLE BOOZE

Senior Play

Lucille is trying hard to live up to the dignity of a Sunday school teacher, but we doubt if she ever can. Did you ever eat any of the cake she bakes? Mmmmmm! She is a friend worth having.

GLADYS MCFADDEN *"Mack"*

Girls' Glee Club (3) (4)

Possessed with a generous share of Irish wit and humor. However, Gladys does not care to devote it all to Mansfield, for with her appear conspicuously certain bulky epistles. Aspires to be an opera singer.

TREVA ROBINSON

Treva is always merry and care-free. Probably that is the reason she was so successful as a "kid" at the Senior Kid Party. However, she can be industrious when necessary. Contributes vim and zest to all her classes.

MILDRED HOFFMAN *"Midge"*

Mildred's hobby is cooking. She makes a specialty of Sunday suppers. And so she has her choice of a career, for who would make a better stenographer, or who would make a better cook?

LEONA SNYDER

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

So thinks Leona, for she has chosen school-teaching as her career. Her cheerful temper must be rock deep, for we have never seen it shaken by the cares of the world.

EFFLO JOHNSON *"Red," "Rouge"*

This man has a habit of using long words and high sounding phrases. Has a well-developed sense of humor and exuberant imagination. Women seem to be subjects out of his sphere—but you never can tell.

CLYDE STONE *"Stoney," "Goodlooking"*

Clyde's chief handicap is his good looks. We often wonder if he is as bashful as he appears. A real business man, and at present a grocer of high repute.

"How pretty his blushes were,
And how he blushed again."

EDITH DOOLITTLE *"Edie"*

Edith's unwillingness to study history is her only fault. She is rather quiet, but dependable, and of course, you know, there's nothing in a name.

LUCILLE MCGEE

Here is an ideal classmate, and one of our artistic members. What we would have missed if Lucille had not been with us this year! Indianapolis' loss was our gain.

MARY CAIRNS

Blue Triangle

Everyone likes Mary, including the teachers. She never loses her dignity by scrambling madly through the halls. Nor does she resort to the practices and wiles of the unprepared. The fact is, she doesn't need to.

JACOB WAGENHALS *"Jake," "Wagy"*

"Jake" is one of our math. sharks. Rather quiet in class, but quite the contrary when he gets started on his favorite topics.

"Women? I never heard of them before;
What are women like?"

HERMAN BALYEAT *"Herm"*

Pres. (3), Operetta, Junior Play, Senior Play, Hi-Y (3) (4), Cheer leader (4), "M" Association (4), Pin and Ring Committee.

Even with a microscope we would fail to detect any absence of school or class loyalty in "Herm." He is just "chuck full" of enthusiasm, and has quite captivated the hearts of several Freshmen. A live wire in a live class.

ANNA HEMPERLY

The little girl who always seems to be studying. Selfishness can never be said of Anna. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we all like her. Her smile is one of her chief assets.

"Short but sweet."

MARY HARBAUGH *"Betty"*

Girls' Glee Club (4)

She can't help it, she's good looking, but that doesn't keep her in any great degree from attending to her work. True to her family, she is never on time. Friendly and sweet, that's "Betty."

ELLEN DICE

Operetta, Girls' Glee Club (3), Hypho (3) (4), Blue Triangle

Sir Walter Scott must have named his Ellen in "The Lady of the Lake" after her, paying the chieftain's daughter a great compliment to boot. Ellen is one of the girls whose friendship is prized by all. "Prosperity to the man that ventures most to please her."

PHILIP ELLIOTT *"Phil"*

Ass't Business Mgr., Annual (3), Business Mgr., Annual (4), Pin and Ring Committe (4), Hi-Y (4), "M" Association (4), Athletic Manager (4), Baseball (3).

Great responsibilities are always thrust upon those like "Phil," and to good purpose. "Phil" is noted for his brilliant recitations and consistent good humor. It is whispered that the girls have little charm for him, and alas—he reads poetry so beautifully.

HERBERT RUSK *"Jerry," "Herb," Goldie"*

Hi-Y (3) (4), Bus. Manager Hypho (4), Operetta, Boys' Glee Club (3) (4), Pin and Ring Committee.

Who doesn't know him? Handy with his feet and popular with the women. 'Though "Herb" likes to step out among 'em, he still has enough time to keep the Hypho financially solid.

ROBERT ACKERMAN *"Bob"*

Vice Pres. (3), Pres. (4), Orchestra (1) (2), Boys' Glee Club (3) (4), Operetta, Senior Play, Hypho (2) (4), Ed.-in-Chief (3), Literary Editor, Annual, Hi-Y (4).

"Bob" has piloted the Seniors through the year with spirit and enthusiasm enough for the whole class. Handsome, witty, strong-willed, persevering with plenty of self confidence and great executive ability. He is universally liked, and, of course, is a social lion.

EDITH MCLEAN *"Ted"*

Who could imagine Edith with a hairpin out of place? Impossible! One of the prettiest girls in our class. Edith has many admirers, but her heart is at Wittenburg. Lucky man!

JOE GOETZ

Joe is never so happy as when playing jokes on others, but it is quite different when he himself is the subject. Inclined to be sober in class. Prohibition will have no effect on his future, as he intends to deal strictly in Dry Goods.

RUTH BONHAM *"Bonnie"*

We are sure Ruth must eat lots of sweets for it is all reflected in her disposition. We actually believe she is sometimes too timid to recite. Isn't that too bad? Especially when she can say so much which is worth hearing.

KATHERINE CAIRNS *"Kate"*

When Katherine says "no" she means it, and there's an end to it, you may be sure. We hear she is quite fond of Ashland. Katherine aspires to make a success in life, and shows good indications of succeeding.

DOROTHY NICHOLS *"Nick," "Dot"*

"Nick" isn't the most studious girl of '21, but can be classed with the brightest, and did you speak of argument? Even the redoubtable Robert Harbeson causes her no fears. Aspires to be a journalist, or perhaps a good housekeeper.

HENRIETTA HAFLEY *"Hen"*

Girls' Glee Club (4)

Sometimes we are inclined to think that Henrietta has not reached a period of development corresponding to her age. Certainly she possesses enough vivacity for two or three persons. Has beautiful brown eyes and a friendly disposition.

MARGARET GRESMIER *"Peg"*

Our little black-eyed Susan. We know she is quiet in school, but we do not know what to say about her when out of school. Anyway, she is going to get all the joy out of life she can, along with hard work.

ARDEN BRANSON *"Art"*

Orchestra (1)

Though not very large, Arden can say more in five minutes than most people can in an hour, which proves that, after all, the mind's the standard of the man. Arden has two outstanding traits: (1) He is very fond of argument, (2) He hates French verbs.

EDWIN PALM *"Ed"*

Junior Play, Senior Play, Orchestra (4)

Edwin's interests are many. As bee expert, as soda shaker, as literary man, he shines in all. Entertains secret admiration for the girls, and is not so guileless as he may seem, so watch out for this man.

THELMA BOGAN

Here is a reliable, sensible girl. Thelma has a good sense of humor when it comes to "recitals." Still waters run deep, but you have to dive deep to bring forth the treasures.

CARRIE LUCAS *"Bellville"*

Perfectly natural and frank with everybody, that's Carrie. She has no "high and mighty" airs, and yet she's not a bit plain. A twinkle in her eye shows she can enjoy a good laugh.

DORIS SEYMOUR

Pep? She has plenty of it. Nothing goes on, but Doris is there. A first-class booster for '21 and M. H. S. Has a smile and cheery word for every one.

KENNETH LONG *"Kenny"*

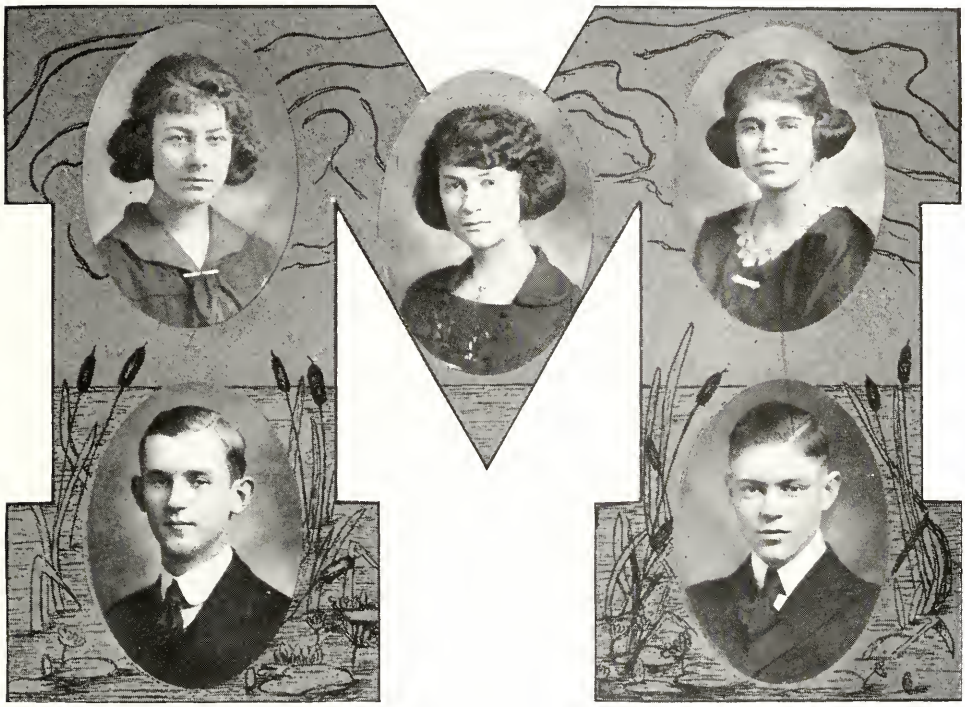
Mandolin Club (4), Hi-Y (4)

Who is this sleek-pompadoured, intelligent-looking, active young man who makes such a "hit" with the girls? "Kenny" Long, to be sure, and with "Kenny" go his jolly grin and never-failing good temper. "Oh, I love the ladies!"

WILMOT PEIRCE *"Peircy," "Doodles"*

Orchestra (4), Mandolin Club (4)

Wherever he goes, Wilmot will be sure to succeed. The same spirit that conquered the terrors of Virgil will win him fame. Rather a quiet young fellow, but withal a jolly companion.



VIOLA BERRY *"Vi"*

Our lady of many thoughts. Although she does her work well, and very quietly—for she would not boast,—yet we know her as a fine student.

ALICE GROGG

Hypho (4), Girls' Glee Club (3) (4), Operetta, Quartette (4), Music Executive Board (4).

A little maid of boundless geniality, determination and originality. Her remarks are as refreshing as an April rain, for Alice puts herself into all she says or does.

MARY MCMULLEN *"Mac"*

Who ever would think it? Mary wants to be a lawyer! Is talkative and quite entertaining. If you are ever in need of a private secretary, call on Mary.

ROBERT HARBESON *"Bob"*

Treasurer A. A.

Our superman! Beware of an argument with Bob, for he can talk faster than most people think. Is general business manager of M. H. S. Statistics are as food to him; he can recite them by the yard. Seek no further.

JOE WORKMAN *"Spivis"*

Pin and Ring Committee, Orchestra (1) (2)

Every one likes Joe. How could we help it when he has such winning ways? Joe doesn't believe in the bonds of convention, but prefers to be original. He is the kind of student each class longs to have—an all-around good fellow.

THELMA CRAWFORD

Thelma believes a good time is the right of youth, and spends a good deal of her time in securing her rights. Has danced her way through her school years, literally and figuratively, and will remain a happy memory in the minds of her classmates.

MARIE NOVOTNY *"Sis"*

This little Miss has a thousand secret charms which she reveals only to a favored few. She knows how to work and she knows how to play, as well. Marie always has a welcome smile.

GRACE BABCOCK

Our Grace is quiet, cheerful and dependable. Who would accuse her of being "flighty?" Then, too, she bears acquaintance. You'll make no mistake in cultivating her friendship.

HARRISON MCCRORY

Harrison's friends are many and steadfast. We all admire him for his great persistence and if he just keeps this up we know he will bring honor to our class.

MURRAY SHAFFER *"Goldberg"*

"Goldberg" they call him. You know, he holds a big position in the clothing business. In school he's never found making much noise, but he makes enough outside. At least, he's a good sport.

RUSSELL MAY *"Bus," "Red," "Pinky"*

Operetta, Junior Play, Hypho (4), Hi-Y (4)

An energetic, red-haired chap, generally found with the kind of giggles that usually start a commotion of some kind. You will notice, too, despite his size, he has quite an important business air.

HARRY SOWASH *"Sodie," "Sode"*

Operetta, Hi-Y (3) (4), Hypho (3)

"Sodie" was rather bashful until his Junior year, then recovered remarkably. Now he's well on his way to being a man of the world. Makes frequent calls at 84 West Second street. "I begin shrewdly to suspect the young man."

ALVERDA YOUNG

Do you remember when Alverda drove her car to school? How fast she did go! Well, she can drive her typewriter just as fast, and yet (would you believe it?) she's very quiet in recitations.

BLANCHE LEARY *"Skinny," "Heinie"*

Girls' Glee Club (4), Blue Triangle

Blanche is the girl without whom there would be no class. She staunchly backs all school activities. A real booster and fine French student.

BEATRICE FRALEY *"Bee"*

Operetta, Girls' Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Quartette (4)

"Bee" has no need of a hair curler, to say the least. Delights in excitement, and smiles on the Freshman boys. Who hasn't heard her giggles, and spontaneous outbursts in class? Very interested in music.

MARTHA VANTILBURG *"Tillie"*

We think Martha is good-looking, and we know her friendship is valued, so you had better get acquainted if you don't know her already. She is a person not to be changed by time or place for you will always find "Tillie" the same. Her blushes are often in evidence.

CHARLES BEARD *"Chuck"*

Football (4), "M" Association (4)

"Did you say you wanted to see the president of this railroad? Then show this man into Mr. Charles A. Beard's office." Thus do we predict "Chuck's" future. Some think him bashful, despite the fact that he is a favorite among the girls.

KARL NEER *"Cowboy," "Squank," "Nemo"*

Football (4), "M" Association (4)

Karl will some day be some one's silent partner, perhaps we had better add "in business," for he has not yet succumbed to the charms of the opposite sex. Karl is one of our always reliable men, with the kind of spirit that can overcome all obstacles.

FRANCES SMITHISLER *"France"*

Frances is one of our best commercial students. "A" is the only letter in her alphabet. She'll probably object to that—for she's very modest—but we're sure it's not far from right.

MARGARET SCHAFFER

We feel certain that Margaret could win a gold medal in a conversational contest, for her ability in this art is great. Don't ever try to change her opinions; it can't be done, because this consistent young woman has a mind all her own.

MARY REED *"Piggy"*

Mandolin Club (4)

Here is another little girl of whom '21 is proud. Her ambition is fixed, her ideals high. Just the kind for which the world is waiting. Let's follow.

MARY SCOTT

Blue Triangle

Although Mary has been with us but a few months, that time has been sufficient to endear her to her classmates. Her good lessons and enthusiastic spirit have made her welcome. Is she popular? She couldn't be otherwise.

MABEL EMERY *"Mab," "Mike"*

Junior Play, Orchestra (3), Hypho (3), Editor-in-Chief (4), Pin and Ring Committee, Blue Triangle.

Whoever thinks woman has no mind of her own has never met Mabel. One of the busiest persons in M. H. S. Classes favored by her presence are enlivened by her irrepressible bursts of originality.

"The little maid would have her will."

ROBERT PADGETT *"Bob," "Tubby"*

Operetta (3), Football (1) (2) (4), "M" Association (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y (3)

A man of the world. Care slides from his shoulders like water from a duck's back. "Bob" likes to eat better than anything else, shuns study and enjoys life in general, especially when the girls are around.

RUFUS TRACY *"Pete"*

Junior Play, Senior Play, Operetta, Hypho (2) (3), Hi-Y (3) (4)

Prince Charming would surely find his match in Tracy. His wonderful black hair and fair complexion cause many a sigh among the fair sex. "To know him is to love him" may well be said of this outstanding member of '21, for he makes friends everywhere.

MARY LAPE *"Mickey"*

Once get Mary started talking and it is hard to stop her. Perhaps that is the reason she excels in salesmanship. By this time she must have collected enough absence slips to fill a bushel basket, but we are always glad to see Mary when she does come.

GAYLE RIFE

What would you think if you ever saw Gayle cross or ill-tempered? Surely that something dreadful had happened, for she's one of the merriest, jolliest girls in our school, and leaves a bright spot wherever she goes.

DOROTHY CARROLL *"Dot," "Kid"*

Senior Play

"Dot" is another of '21's "peptomists," and she is right there, smile and all. As merry as the day is long. Dorothy is simply overflowing with class spirit. No wonder she has heaps of friends.

WALTER TEETER

Band (1)

In a few years we'll be hearing of Mr. Woolworth turning over his entire line of stores to an enterprising young man and changing their name to the Walter Teeter Ten-Cent Stores. The way in which Walter tackles his job assures his success.

FRANK MUMERT *"Frankie," "Zipp"*

Junior Play, Boys' Glee Club (3), Hi-Y (4)

One can't help noticing Frank, there is so much to notice. Seldom studies with serious intent, and manages to run the gauntlet through all classes but French. Very partial to feminine society.

ILETA WERT *"Jip"*

Junior Play, Senior Play, Girls' Glee Club (3) (4), Operetta, Music Executive Board (4), Pin and Ring Committee, Vice Pres. A. A. (4), Blue Triangle.

Here we introduce to you one of the chief "peptomists" of the Senior class. "Jip" is always there when there is something doing and always available when there is something to do. If you don't know her, you have missed a lot.

RICHARD PARSONS *"Dickums," "Glycerin"*

Operetta, Hi-Y (3) (4), Athletic Manager (4)

When one thinks of "Dick," a picture of six feet of solid humor and dignity and a handsome face rises before him. "Dick" is one of the happy-go-lucky kind who can get around the world on eight cents. Can be absolutely brilliant when he so wishes. And sarcastic!

HAROLD UNDERWOOD *"Frappe," "Beechnut"*

Sergeant-at-Arms (5), Football (4) (5), "M" Association (4) (5), Basketball (5)

Noted for his athletic abilities and of world-wide fame for his inevitable "beechnut" is "Frappe." Wise boy, not to let the girls disturb his equilibrium.

FLORENCE BEAL *"Flo"*

Although her school work is not neglected, Florence has other interests. She says "number, please?" A capable girl, who, unlike the great majority of us, always has her lessons.

GARNET SHEETS *"Darnet"*

Garnet's ambitions are worthy of her, and she is bound to live up to them, too. A good pal, and fine student, who is always ready to lend a hand. We know she'll make a good schoolma'm.

MARY ROPP *"Peg," "Lucy"*

Mary doesn't believe in wasting all the hours in study which might be spent to better advantage, so we are often entertained by her merry voice and laughter. A dispenser of sweets at the market.

MILDRED NEWLON *"Shorty"*

Girls' Glee Club (2) (4)

Mildred is one of the smallest members of our class, but makes up in capacity for fun what she lacks in height. Likes practical jokes and simply couldn't exist without excitement. Certain it is, "dull care" and Mildred could never agree.

HELEN MCCREADY

Blue Triangle

Helen wouldn't make a very good thermometer, for she never changes, whatever the weather. Has about all the brains it is possible to possess and could get along very well without studying at all. Whenever you are in trouble Helen will help you out.

HENRY HUSTON *"Hen"*

Hi-Y (4)

Here is one of the most loyal supporters of '21. In all things, no matter how hard, "Hen" is always willing to do his share, and lights the way for others (with his hair). A true friend, and one who does not let his lessons master him.

LAWRENCE ROBINSON *"Robbie"*

We have here a studious young man, possibly because his middle name happens to be Emerson. But unlike this noted author, he has shown no poetic tendencies as yet. Perhaps he has not met the right girl. Lawrence is a dependable friend.

MYRTLE RAMSEY

Myrtle was never known to do anything foolish. One of the steady lights of our class who helps preserve our dignity.
"Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven."

HELEN PAGE

Helen is a girl who is earnest, trustworthy and frank. Who knows there may be a Frank in the case! No matter, Helen is happy under any circumstances.

KENNETH KEMBLE *"Kenny"*

Mandolin Club (3) (4)

A little bashful around the girls, but "right there" when it comes to the mandolin or wireless. "Kenny" has an insuperable appetite for detective stories. In fact, Ritter's can scarcely supply him.

LOIS LEHMAN *"Skeet"*

Blue Triangle

You would never know she was a minister's daughter. Lois has a twinkle of mischief which sometimes peeps out of her sunny disposition and the pleasantest smile in the world.

PAUL RITCHIE *"Dynamite"*

Junior Play, Operetta, Treasurer (4), Art Editor, Annual

Rich in executive ability is our Paul. All we have to do is to weigh him down with responsibility, and—the task is done as with the wisdom of Solomon. Our art editor.

LOUISE GARBER

Ed.-in-Chief, Annual, Pin and Ring Committee

If Louise should ever fail to have her lessons we would expect to see water run up hill. Though quiet and reserved, she is liked by both classmates and teachers. Her superiority along literary lines was recognized in putting the Annual in her charge.

ISABELLE HAGELBARGER *"Izzy"*

Girls' Glee Club (4)

Sometimes Isabelle seems present in body only. We wonder of whom she is thinking. At other times she is very much present. But we have heard that musical people are temperamental, so we can overlook these inconsistencies, and keep on liking her all the time.

KENNETH SOTHERLAND *"Kenny," "Mike"*

Football (4), Capt. (5), Baseball (4), Basketball (5), Hi-Y (2) (3) (4), "M" Association (4) (5), Treasurer (4), Pres. A. A. (5), Hypho (4) (5), Athletic Editor, Annual.

Who doesn't know, and knowing, like "Kenny?" They are few and far between if there are any at all. He is a conscientious student and a reliable fellow. Despite the fact that he spent night after night practicing during athletic seasons, he found time for studies and a good time.

HOWARD OSTER *"Os," "Chink," "Toodles"*

Football (3) (4) (5), Basketball (4), Capt. (5); Hi-Y (4)

Any one who doesn't know Howard must surely be deaf, dumb and blind. His congenial smile, his fight-to-the-finish grit, whether on the gridiron or in classroom, promise him much honor.

SAMUEL THEAKER *"Sam"*

Operetta, Hypho (3), Hi-Y (4)

It seems to be a physical impossibility for "Sam" to keep still, yet his chatter has cheered the hours of many a Senior's dull existence. His motto is "Laugh and the world laughs with you." The world couldn't conceal at least a smile with "Sam" around.

LUCILE RANTZ *"Lucy"*

Mandolin Club (4)

Lucile's smile has brightened more than one gloomy day for us. And her giggles! Surely we could never think of Lucile without her giggles. She does all difficult tasks with such a good will that they are no longer tasks.

RHEA SMITH

Yes, her name is just plain Smith. Rhea hasn't much faith in the power of speech and sometimes we think the cat has her tongue. She is just the kind of a friend upon whom one may always depend.

DALE DITWILER *"Dit," "Devere"*

Hi-Y (3) (4), Business Manager Hypho (3)

"Dit" remains unmoved by the hurry and bustle of the present age. Slow and steady as a river-steamer he wends his way from class to class. As last year's manager of the Hypho he proved himself an able and efficient business man.

ELIZABETH EICHELBERGER *"Lizzie," "Ike"*

Here is a girl who has a personality all of her own. She is more fond of fashions than of books, and with her charms has lured many a youth. "Lizzie" possesses the ability of making friends and has many.

ALFRED ROBINSON *"Alf"*

Alfred is one of the number of quiet chaps we have. Doesn't believe in worrying, and, it is rumored, is quite fond of the girls, although he tries to conceal this under a mask of indifference.

JOSEPHINE FERNYAK "*Jo*"

Operetta, Girls' Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Social Editor, Annual, Pin and Ring Committee, Blue Triangle.

Pretty and popular, "Jo" believes in a mixture of reason and mirth. Is firmly convinced of the superiority of '21, even to the extent of taking the class president under her wing.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

CARRIE MOORE "*Sad*"

Photo Editor, Annual, Pin and Ring Committee, Blue Triangle

Carrie is our "Johnny on the spot." Always ready to lend a hand. An A-1 business woman, but we fear the business world won't keep her long. Like Postum, "there's a reason."

Class History

FRESHMEN

When '21 first entered the doors of M. H. S. one morning in September, 1917, its shrinking timidity and obvious verdure were observed and freely commented upon by the upper classmen, who failed to see in them the insignia of their future greatness. After wandering through the halls, laboriously and sometimes futilely attempting to locate some room that the Seniors, Junior and Sophomores had magnanimously allowed to be set aside for their convenience, and learning from bitter experience that Room 8 was *not* on the third floor, the illustrious class of 1921 set out upon its never-to-be-forgotten journey through the mazes of education in M. H. S. It did not take long, however, to become acclimated to the high school atmosphere, and our class early in its career began to prove itself a very necessary part of the high school.

SOPHOMORES

Again passing through the portals of learning, this time somewhat diminished in number, we walked boldly and unhesitatingly with the new dignity of being sophomores weighing heavily upon us. The dignities of one's Senior year are gradually acquired, but the honor of being a Sophomore is thrust upon one so suddenly, the contrast to one's former obscurity is so great, that those who do not succumb to that feeling of utter superiority are very few. However, we safely passed through this critical stage and soon earnestly resumed the regular "curriculum scholae." We gave our first party, a masquerade, in January. What a galaxy of costumes!

JUNIORS

At last we were upper classmen and a party to all the distinctions and privileges of upper classmen, one of the most important of which was the election of the class officers, whose capability has been well-proven by the manner in which '21 remained in the front in support of all high school activities. There was no worthy movement, nor any of the various high school affairs which did not receive the loyal support of the Junior class—athletics, music organizations, the wonderfully successful high school masquerade, the paper (which developed into a larger, better, and newsier high school necessity under the guardianship of our class), and others all included. The first of our social activities as a class was the winter picnic held in celebration of St. Valentine's Day. Everyone remembers those delicious "eats" and the entertaining sketch, "The Rich Miss Poor." In April the varied talents of '21 were brought forth in honor of the long-anticipated Junior-Senior Reception. The play, "The Re-juvenation of Aunt Mary," at its first and succeeding presentations was enthusiastically received. The month of school remaining passed quickly, and with regret we realized we had but one more year to spend in M. H. S.

SENIORS

Now we are Seniors! We have finally reached the position where our opinions are absolutely unquestionable and our behavior and dignity at all times unimpeachable. After the orgy of elections, each one of which took its toll from the class, the year really commenced. One's Senior year is always crowded—everyone must support everything besides the regular (and usually heavy) school duties. The class party in October, a very youthful affair, and the second annual Senior Banquet, held on the 22nd of February, followed by the Reception, at which we were interested spectators of the Junior play, "Green Stockings," were the important class functions of the year—each of them notably successful. The next thing scheduled is the Senior play, "Believe Me, Xantippe," which, it is said, will rival our Junior production as a four-act comedy, although it is of an entirely different nature. The last project of the class of '21 is the presentation of this Annual, into which have gone our best efforts in order to produce a fitting volume in which to record the progress and activities of the class and school. Now we face graduation and with a feeling of reluctance, preparing to leave the place where we have invested four happy years of our lives. May the individual records of our future lives be as full of worthy impulses and achievements as our record as a class!

—Ellen Dice, '21

Prophecy of the Class of '21

Jupiter raised his majestic form from his silken couch after many years of rest. His roving eye caught the rays of light streaming from the long line of dignified Seniors who were waiting for the doors to open to admit them into the wide world. He looked closer, and on scratching his bald pate, summoned his trusty messenger Mercury to bid the gods to assemble on Olympus immediately.

They responded promptly and at Jupiter's request decided to watch over the destinies of the class of '21 of M. H. S. for the following 10 years, when a report was to be made. After appointing each God guardian over a certain number of Seniors, the meeting broke up.

* * * * * * *

Ten years had elapsed and again the council room of the great palace on Olympus was alight with a hundred stars. The gods had assembled once more at the appointed time and now they stood or reclined throughout the magnificent hall awaiting the time when Zeus of his own pleasure might speak.

At last he raised his mighty hand for silence, and turning his grave eyes upon the company, addressed them thus:

"My children, each of you was sent upon a mission and I now call you for an account. Who will be the first to speak?"

A rosy little cherub who had been playing in the fountain of shell-fish, shook the sparkling water from his dimpled hands into the face of his companion and shaking his sunny curls in mischievous glee, addressed the father of the gods, saying: "Father Zeus, I am ready and willing to be first, if I may, for I'll be glad to get this burdensome report over. It has cost me many nights' rest and made many wrinkles appear. See?" And he pointed to his forehead which, however, showed no sign of a wrinkle. "First among the ones I was to watch over came Elize Oster. She is now one of the most famous painters in the world, but, strange as it may seem, refuses to paint any but red-haired men.

"Joseph Goetz has risen quite high in his profession and is now the head of the Insane Asylum at Toledo, with his wife, formerly Blanche Leary."

The cherub's eyes were now twinkling brightly as he continued. "Walter Pierce is a professor of dancing at a girls' school and has confessed a liking for the work. Do you remember Theda Bara?" Not waiting for an answer, the cherub went on. "Well, Florence Beal has usurped her place and is said to be even greater than Theda ever was. Henry Huston is the champion heavyweight boxer, and by experts he is said to be the lightest on his head of any of the previous boxers. Edith McLean, known as the gum woman to all New York, sells home-made chewing gum. Frank Mumert has recently paid off the mortgage on his cat farm and is raising cats by the dozens"—this with a chuckle of delight.

"Olive Dow, the famous lifesaver, has saved many young men from a watery grave but still says no to an oft asked question. Father Zeus, I believe that's all you told me—Oh, yes," and the sunny head fell, but slowly rose again—"Paul Sarbry, the missionary, was served as a pot pie by a wild tribe of cannibals. Mary Lee Sarbry, his wife, is still living, however, and Kenneth Long seems to be the chief comforter. There, that's through with," and turning, he ran lightly back to the fountain and proceeded to tease his companion.

"That was as well done as I could expect you to do it and I release you from this burden, as you call it. Who cares to speak next?"

"Father Zeus," spoke a gray-haired stately god, "If I may, I would like to be next as I have many tasks yet to perform and would like to begin them as soon as possible." He slowly drew a scroll from his girdle and held it towards the father of the gods, saying, "Behold the culmination of my labors." Taking the proffered scroll Jupiter read—

"(1) Ileta Wert Palm is now sueing for a divorce from Edwin Palm for extreme cruelty. She claims he has not spoken to her for one year. His lawyer states that the defendant didn't wish to interrupt his wife.

"(2) Curtis Ford, the renowned actor, is now playing the heavy part in the latest comedy drama, 'Bob White, There You Are.' It is rumored that he is very attentive to Sarah Martin, one of the most famous slapstick comedienes.

"(3) Rev. Harold Underwood has been concentrating all his efforts to reforming and bettering the conditions in the camp of 'Lumber Jane,' alias Mary Reed. She has been twice arrested by the Humane Society for maltreatment of her men and the use of abusive language in their presence. As a reward, Rev. Underwood has promised to marry her.

"(4) Grace Babcock, a high school teacher, instructs bashful young men 'How to Propose,' a new subject just introduced into the High School.

"(5) Dale Ditwiler makes a living as a men's Beauty Specialist. Florence Lorimer, his wife, is the manicure lady, but Doc. Ditwiler always insists on the work being done in his presence.

"(6) Alice Grogg ably manages Stecker's, which is still a very popular hangout.

"(7) Philip Elliott, impersonator of women, is the famous dancer in the midnight follies, who fools so many men.

"(8) Marie Uhlich won the roller skating race at the Olympic games at Vladivistok, at which Irma Manitzer acted as one of the judges.

"(9) Ruth Bonham wields the drum-sticks in a jazz orchestra, whose director is Frances Smithisler, and adds a great deal of pep, so they say."

Zeus, having finished the scroll, placed it on the table at his left, and with a grave nod of acceptance, dismissed the gray-haired god and beckoned for the next one. Everyone turned as a radiant young goddess stepped lightly into their midst. In a voice that sounded like the tinkling music of silver bells, she spoke: "Father Zeus, here are the gleanings of my pleasant task."

"Herb Schettler a spiritualist medium is,
He minds his own and everyone's biz,
The shrouded spirits to him talk,
And many people at him gawk.

"Ethyl Johns makes money galore
At selling frog legs by the score.

"Olive Cope has become quite gay,
She's the speediest woman on old Broadway,
Went to the movies twice in one day.

"Mr. Vaughn Henry is the sheriff of Alta,
He drives a red Ford which runs rather halty.
The Thimble Theatre stars he pinched,
And in a moment their arrest he cinched.

"Jo Fernyak as Olive Oil has made quite a hit,
Fos Funston as Hamgravy displays much wit.
And now since this incident has increased their fame
They joyride continually to help the same.

"Lucile McClellan, just last fall,
Scaled the Woolworth building tall.
Now the 'human ant' they call her,
And they presented her with a paper dollar.

"Louise Garber, a plumberet prim,
Works with her usual vigor and vim.

"Seven times has Mary Cairns been wed,
And now since her seventh husband is dead
The eighth to the altar is about to be led,
With our many blessings upon his head.

"Sam Theaker keeps a poor-house for homeless flies
And weeps unconsolably when one of them dies;
They pay no rent, but partake of his bounty,
So send all the flies from your part of the county.

"Isabelle Hagelbarger keeps a tea-room unique,
None but fat people are found there each week,
But this fact will easily speak for itself,
She keeps nothing but antifat tea on her shelf.

"Charles Beard, tho' modest, 'tis known near and far,
Won a medal for knitting a woolen street car,
Guaranteed to be rainproof, many solemnly say,
If used by women on a sunshiny day.

"If any one a tooth has lost
And does not care about the cost,
See Garnet Sheets without delay,
She'll fix it up with sun-dried clay."

As soon as the goddess had finished her spiel
She slowly turned upon her heel
And jumped into her automobile,
Which swiftly bore her out of sight
Into the dark, mysterious night.

With much fussing and blustering a stout middle-aged god strode forward and in a deep bass rumbled: "Alfred Robinson is now a U. S. Senator. He is very well known in diplomatic circles and his important position and political pull has come mainly from the women voters.

"The general store at Pinhook is owned and run by Dorothy Carroll. Everything from a needle to an automobile tire may be bought there.

"Karl Neer, last summer on a trip to Hawaii, met an Hawaiian maiden and now he plays a uke in the village band.

"Kenneth Sotherland, better known as Cupid of the Matrimonial Bureau, has probably more than any other one person been responsible for the many happy homes lately established through this wonderful bureau. Tubby Padgett, the office boy, lately returned from Turkey, where he accompanied Elizabeth Eichelberger to see that she arrived safely into the care of Sultan Winfield Halderman. Bob has conceived a great liking for the harem idea, and on his return inquired further into the matter, but was greatly disappointed on learning that he was not allowed to have a harem of his own in the U. S. It has been recently learned that he is on a hunger strike because his whim could not be satisfied.

"Society has been shocked by the news of the elopement of Herbert Nye, the multi-millionaire, and Lois Lehman, his cook. The old saying still holds true—'The way to a man's heart is thru his stomach.' On the same page, however, was a law suit for breach of promise filed by the milk man, Rufus Tracy, against Miss Lehman.

"Lucile McGee is working in a bird store and the young birds are becoming promising singers under her supervision. LaRue Aughey goes around from house to house selling post holes for the benefit of the Home for Feeble-minded Squirrels.

"Constable Doolittle, contrary to her name, does very much. She arrested Rhea Smith and Mildred Hoffman for moonshining in the Ky. Mts."

Amid many Ahems!! and A haws!! the god finished with great gusto and flourish which left his audience shaking with mirth.

The first little cherub who had spoken, after much teasing and coaxing, finally persuaded his companion to go and give his report. He gave him a vigorous shove which gave him a good start on his way, and he continued forward haltingly. "F-f-f-father Z-z-z-zeus—" he began frightened, but continued in a bolder strain, encouraged by a glance from Zeus. "I'm afraid mine didn't turn out very well, but I did my best."

"No more could be expected then, my son."

"Mabel Emery and Joe Workman are the best professional assassins known. Their work is guaranteed to be absolutely painless. It is now a well known fact that they are in league with the Van Tilburg and Urich Undertaking and Embalming Establishment. Their sign, a clever thing, reads: 'Eventually, why not now?'

"Hugh Morrison, the grave digger, sees the thing to the finish. He has been rushed to death since the professional assassins set up their trade.

"Clarence Wolfarth, the hermit, has outclassed Orpheus. He enchants grasshoppers and June bugs with his melodious voice.

"Mary Lape, with her trained bear, has become well-known and is a favorite with the younger generation.

"Marie Novotny has been building the new high school. They are still debating whether to paint the water fountains pink or green. As soon as this important feature is decided the work can be taken up again, so says Margaret Gresmer, her head

carpenter. Dorothy Nichols is the most efficient bricklayer among the whole force and has done much toward forwarding the progress of the building. Several members of the class of '21 are to teach in the new building. Jay Long is to teach domestic science; Emily Nolan will preside over a large study hall. The new principal, Gladys McFadden, will take charge as soon as the building is completed.

"Arden Branson is the first air traffic cop known to the world. He stands in the air 2,000 feet above sea level to direct the planes. This was only made possible by a device to overcome gravity invented by Mary Flowers. His wife, Mildred Jones, made a practical foot-warmer, because she was afraid her husband would take pneumonia and die.

"Jacob Komito recently received a prize for drawing the best map of Mars.

"Gayle Rife, the second Annette Kellerman, barely escaped being eaten by a shark, while she was swimming across the Atlantic Ocean.

"Mary Harbaugh and Mary Scott are selling canned snow for sleigh-riding parties in the summer-time."

As soon as the cherub finished he turned and ran back to the fountain. With dainty steps and in a fairylike manner a graceful figure stepped forward next, with her cameo features surrounded by a wealth of golden hair. In a soft musical voice she began: "Dorothy Charles, daredevil speed queen, was arrested for running over—an old unused road.

"Gertrude Bell, the sausage queen, has taken over her father's manufacturing establishment. Herbert Rusk is the pied piper of the sausage factory, which accounts for the dearth of dogs and cats in this part of the country.

"Pat. Richardson sells balloons for a circus. Recently he disappeared, but sometime later he was picked up while going skyward, by the mailplane driven by Viola Berry. It is said that a romance has begun to develop.

"Dick Reinhart, who lost his appetite in defense of his country, is now offering a prize of seven shares of stock in Edwin Fensch's wingless airplane factory to anyone who will bring back his appetite. Among the many competitors is Lucile Day, who, it is rumored, will win the prize along with Dick's heart.

"Anna Hemperly, the famous dramatist, charmingly displays the wonderful paper creations made in the Wagenhals-Booze Studio in the Rue de la Paix, Paris. Phil Morrison has been accompanying the modern Paderweski, Henrietta Halfley, on all her tours, for Miss Halfley must have her piano tuned before each recital and Phil is the best piano tuner in the country around. The legs on the piano were carved by Leona Snyder and are very artistic.

"Eugene Boling is working at the Bank, as chief hash slinger.

"Myrtle Ramsey, after spending three weeks in solitude of the depth of the forests surrounded by beds of sweet scented violets and sundry onion bulbs, has succeeded in joining the characteristics of the onion taste and the violet smell. Hester Robinson is a favorite bell hop with the women, because she hops whenever the bell rings. Paul Ritchie is the manager of the Giants and Mildred Newlon is star pitcher. It is said that Margaret Shaffer umpires all the games. Howard Oster recently invented a patent head scratcher, which is guaranteed to do the work and get 'em. The day nursery for children is under the care of Fritz Stalhaber."

Having finished the account of the people allotted her she turned, and in her own dainty manner left the assembly.

Next an aged god stepped forward, his snowy beard touching the floor. He handed Zeus what appeared to be a telescope, but in reality it was a magic instrument in which one was able to see anything which the god who owned it wished, and only those things.

On being instructed to look through the telescope, Zeus did so and beheld, as the aged god said he would, the people over whom the god was to watch. The first scene was that of Ellen Dice slowly coming along a shaded country road driving a load of hay to town with the rakiest pink sunbonnet tied under her chin. Her farm appeared to be the thriftiest in the country about.

Swiftly the scene changed to a dark night with no moon or stars shining. Herman Balyeat, on a dark corner, was calling out "Nine o'clock and all is well" amid the grumblings of a great many people who turned over on their sides complaining about the crier awakening them up every night.

Harrison McCrory's electric car was next seen to stop in front of several homes and he carried large baskets of clothes which he had lately washed into their homes. He is fast piling up a fortune at this trade. A red brick school house followed in the

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telescope and in one room Lucile Rantz was seen to be supervising a spanking. The boy turning a crank of Helen Frasher's patent spanking machine, which did the business.

Carrie Moore and Florence Parker were seen to be stealthily approaching a juicy cherry pie cooling in a window, and disappearing around the corner of the house with it. They are paying an election bet by tramping around the world without any money.

Since Lenine has been killed Helen McCready is heading the conglomerate army of Russians in Bolshevik Russia.

Murray Schaffer, better known as Goldberg, stuck his head out of a door over which hung the sign of the three balls and called to Walter Teeter, the fruit vender passing with his little push cart, asking in his broken English, "Iss bizness goot?"

Russell May was recognized through the dense cloud of dust which was pouring forth from a large rug hanging on the line which he is vigorously beating. He is a boon to housewives and is busiest in the spring and fall during the semi-annual house cleanings. Ever since Doris Seymour has become a famous prima donna after living on a diet of bird seed, Harry Sowash has been doing a rushing business selling his product.

Marie Kemp Stone, and her husband, Clyde, engaged the Lucas-Ropp Moving Line to transport their goods to other quarters in Fifth avenue, New York.

Ray Poth was seen next making a speech from his wagon advertising Wilmot Peirce's Painless Painkiller. Ray's helpmate, formerly Alverda Young, '21, tells fortunes among the populace of the various villages as a side line.

Mary McMullen was seen cutting the hair of Kenneth Kemble, when suddenly a small mouse ran out, and now he is in the hospital, sad to relate! He greatly objected when his nurse, Dorothy Evans, was taken away and replaced by Charles Crouch.

The small round glass grew milky, then cleared again. A quiet home scene appeared. The fire on the hearth sent a soft shadowy glow over the objects about it. In a large cushioned chair sat Christine Engwiler knitting a sweater for her husband, Dick Parsons, who is with the French army guarding the Rhine.

All of the gods having finished their reports except one, Zeus inquired to see if this last god was present. A rushing noise was heard just then and on the wings of the north wind swept into the hall a horse of dazzling whiteness. A handsome god glowing with health and vigor, leaped lightly from his winged steed, and advancing, said, "I am sorry to have been so late, but my inspiring presence was needed to help Bob Harbeson, the famous jockey, win the race on his own horse Gunpowder.

"The rest of the ones I was to watch over and what they are doing are as follows:

"Bob Ackerman is manager of a factory where they make curlers for Mexican hairless dogs.

"Beatrice Fraley runs a restaurant where they make a specialty of musical spaghetti. Edith Henley is her silent partner.

"Treva Robinson, a beautiful society girl, kidnapped by the pirates of Tripoli for a ransom of 2 bits, was rescued by George Taylor, a gob in the U. S. navy.

"Lawrence Robinson and Eleanor Crouch have a Punch and Judy show which always makes a hit with the youngsters.

"Efflo Johnson conducts a column for lovelorn boys in Helen Page's comic paper.

"Marie Remy met Thelma Crawford on the street one day with 17 children and wondered if they were all hers. Thelma replied that she was a matron at an orphan asylum and Marie, becoming interested, has also gone into this work.

"Thelma Bogan makes $.50 a lawn with a concoction which she made which cuts the grass without using a lawnmower.

"Margaret Schaffer has the sole agency for the sale of the new tonic which makes young men's fancies turn to——in the winter as well as the spring.

"Katherine Cairns, the sculptress, has just completed a striking likeness of the wolf who ate Little Red Riding Hood."

The young god, having finished his report, turned and mounting his steed left the hall as suddenly as he had come.

Then Zeus raised his hand for silence and the meeting adjourned, after he had commended them on the wonderful way in which they had done the tasks he had assigned to them. He then said that this would probably be the last meeting they would ever have because he saw in the glass of time that no other class that would ever graduate in the future would be able to compare with the class of '21, nor would any other class be as deserving of the aid of the gods as this class. So the gods once again returned to their homes, and the great hall on Olympus was never more seen to be lighted by the thousand stars.

—Christine Engwiler, Josephine Fernyak, Mabel Emery, Ellen Dice

"Angel Boy!"

"You-go"

"Sold ?!!
2 bits"

"Jee it's fun"

"School Girls"

"Have a-luck-drink?"

"Elize"

"Safty First"

"Smiles"

"Turrible 3"

"Red"

A red rooster came casually strolling through the barn and with an air of authority which gave the impression that he was the head boss of the whole ranch, stopped in front of Andy Ford, and began to scratch furiously for a few grains of wheat. The day was hot and sultry. There was not a breath of air stirring. The energetic rooster dug on. Andy went on reading a poultry magazine, until finally pieces of dirt, sticks and stones began to punch holes in the leaves of his magazine.

"Get out of here, you red rascal!" he angrily shouted, hurling the magazine at the rooster, then rushing forward to pick it up again.

His partner, Floyd Tillman, laid down the old fiddle on which he had been painfully sawing away, and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Slow and easy, Andy," he cautioned, "you know that rooster is the one we call 'Red,' and he's worth a pile of money."

"Well, I'm not going to be buried alive by any cursed red rooster," grumbled Andy, "whether he's of the purest breed or not."

Floyd continued to fiddle, then stopped again. "You know, Andy," he said, "if we had a few more roosters like him we'd be so rich we wouldn't have to work for a living. There's a couple of poultry experts coming here from Kansas, and I want you to get a good line of talk ready."

"Leave 'er to me," said Andy.

"I believe, Andy," said Floyd, "if things go well this year, I'll get—I'll—er—a-hem—er say, Andy, what would you say if I should get married?"

The magazine dropped from Andy's hand, and for a moment he sat open-mouthed and speechless as if his breath had suddenly been knocked out of him. "Frances Leclair, I'll bet!" he ejaculated. "That wild canary from New York."

"Wild canary?" Floyd muttered. "Where do you get that stuff? She's the finest looking girl that ever hit this old town."

"By George!" exclaimed Andy. "Doesn't it beat the deuce—Frances! Good-night!"

"Aw, shut up," cut in Floyd. "I guess I know a rare gem when I find one."

At that, he began sawing his violin with such force that it started all the chickens on the ranch to cackling. Then Andy left the barn in search of a quieter and cooler place.

The Tillman and Ford chicken ranch was one of the main attractions in Bloomingrove. "Red," who was a red rooster, was indeed beginning to make the place famous. Everyone in the town had at least heard something of this remarkable fowl.

It was the next day, July 13th, that Aunt Sadie was having her monthly society gathering. All the sweet old ladies in Bloomingrove, of course, were there. It was one of that kind of gatherings where all the sedate old feminine gossipers sit around, knitting and chattering over local affairs, or perhaps, discussing woman suffrage occasionally.

It so happened that, for entertainment, Floyd was asked to come and play for Aunt Sadie's visitors. Floyd, with the great expectation of being with Frances, had accepted the invitation at once, so towards the middle of the afternoon he was found sawing the strings at Aunt Sadie's social gathering, while Andy, back at the ranch, was cursing his luck because he was left to do all of the work.

When Floyd saw Frances that afternoon, she seemed to him like a magnificent white rose in a miserable nest of old thistles and weeds. He could plainly see as her eyes met his, that she herself was not exactly wild about the course of affairs. But how those old ladies did rave about Floyd's playing! They thought he was simply grand. Frances, too, was indeed proud of him.

Now, it happened that Uncle Amos, in his spotless cream-colored trousers, had just stolen his way out on the back porch to take a smoke. He had no more than seated himself, when suddenly he espied in his garden—the garden which he prized as the best in the whole country—a red rooster, a miserable, dirty, low-down, despicable red rooster, which was just ripping and tearing everything all to pieces, absolutely scratching it into a regular whirlwind of dirt.

Now, Uncle Amos was a church-going man, but on this occasion he did some "cussing," as anyone else would do under the circumstances. The rooster in the garden seemed not in the least annoyed over the sudden outburst of oaths. Uncle Amos, how-

ever, did not have the quick temper that his wife possessed, but when he was angered he was as furious as a lion, and it took a long while for him to "cool off." If this had been the first time that neighboring chickens had bothered him, he wouldn't have gone into such a rage, but all summer long his garden had been ravaged by his next-door neighbor's chickens. For so long a time this had been grating on his nerves that he couldn't bear it another moment.

Floyd's ranch was in another part of the town, and his chickens were not allowed to run loose. Uncle Amos did not once think of Floyd's chickens, but Floyd by chance was looking out of the window, and, to his great amazement, saw that the rooster was his. Without any doubt, it was "Red." How in the world had he gotten away over here? Was Andy so negligent as to leave one of the gates open, or what?

Uncle Amos had secured a long stick and was cautiously approaching "Red." The rooster paid no attention to him, but seemed to be concentrated on some grain at his feet. The old man tiptoed a little closer. He had reached the point where he was perfectly confident that he could take the fowl squarely on the neck with his stick and do it with remarkable ease. With the stick raised above his head, he was just about to strike a terrible blow when "Red" gave a cross-eyed glance up at him, and, with a cack-cack-cack-cack-cack-cack, the rooster took a few steps away. Uncle Amos slowly came closer. "Red" evened up the distance again, while Uncle Amos cautiously took another step and another, until at last he got tired of "Red's" fool-play, and made a jump after him, swearing and swinging his stick furiously. To his great surprise, he, for some reason or another, missed the rooster by at least six feet. "Red" broke out into what might be called a rooster trot. If a man's temper should be spoken in degrees of temperature, Uncle Amos' had risen to at least one thousand above zero. He began cursing the neighbors and their chickens, then "Red" and all the red roosters that ever existed, "Red's" relations and his entire ancestry, clear back to the time of Adam, and everything that might be classified in the line of fowls.

In the parlor, Floyd was playing chords, and the old ladies were being carried far back to their childhood days. Aunt Sadie had just passed the ice cream and cake around. Whenever a chance availed itself, Floyd would glance out of the window to watch "Red." When he saw the danger that "Red" was in—the most prized and valued rooster he ever possessed, or expected to possess—he broke out into a sweat. Several times he was about to lay down the violin and rush to its rescue, but a despairing thought kept jumping in his way. If Uncle Amos and Aunt Sadie knew that "Red" belonged to him, his good standing with them would certainly come to a speedy finish. All the talking and explaining in the world would not convince them that it was not his chicken that had been infesting the old man's garden all summer.

The family certainly would not even speak to him. It would be a blow that he never could live down, and as for his chances of marrying Frances, they would vanish like a burst soap bubble. Never in the world would it do to let them know or have the least suspicion.

And there was "Red," just to think! one hair's breadth from getting his head knocked off—"Red," the highest priced rooster in the whole state! And all this due to Andy's miserable carelessness. What a goat that Andy Ford was—such utter negligence.

Uncle Amos had come to a board fence. "Red" shot under. The old man was in the act of crawling over when the upper board broke. As a result, there was a six-inch rip right in the seat of his trousers—that's all. It isn't worth while to mention what he said just then. "Red" kept stepping along leisurely a few yards ahead. Uncle Amos stormed after him like a tornado, hurling everything he came upon, from a red brick to a sardine can. With a sudden burst of speed, "Red" made a straight shoot for the orchard. As Floyd saw him, his legs were almost invisible. In fact, he seemed like a red speck, just floating in a cloud of dust about half a foot from the ground. Uncle Amos, half winded, was still in pursuit. Faster and faster went the red rooster, out across the road, across Miller's flower bed, into Jones' onion patch, out again into the open field, until at last the large pond where the boys went in swimming was reached. As Floyd glanced again out of the window, he could see "Red" circling the pond, and Uncle Amos, almost fagged out, still following. It was then that the climax came.

Uncle Amos, whose eyes were fastened on the red speck ahead, got a little too near the pond. He slipped on some slimy mud, and—well, the next thing he knew he was neck deep in mud and water. "Red" was victorious, and over on a stump across the pond, he was letting the world know it, but Uncle Amos didn't hear him. He was thinking of his cream-colored trousers and Aunt Sadie.

Floyd was still fiddling when Aunt Sadie asked to be excused for a few minutes. He knew at once what a sand-storm there was going to be. Almost instantly there arose

a muffled but extremely excited talking out in the kitchen. As the talking continued Floyd kept playing louder and louder so as to drown it out. He could hear Uncle Amos going upstairs to his room and Aunt Sadie following. There was a slamming of doors overhead, a banging of chairs and presently a splashing of water. Floyd kept playing with all his might until his whole shirt was wet with perspiration. If only they would not learn that the rooster belonged to him.

The afternoon wore on. Aunt Sadie came in at last, and she and the other ladies went out in the front yard to look at the flowers and talk. Floyd and Frances were off by themselves and things were going perfectly beautiful until—"Red" interfered again.

Back at the ranch that afternoon Andy Ford had the pleasure of entertaining a certain poultry magnate, Mr. Copeland, who was thinking of buying up some pure-bred fowls. Andy had at once brought forth "Red." The expert was greatly pleased with the rooster but was not ready to pay the fabulous price that Andy demanded. Finally, however, when Andy had put into use all his fine power of salesmanship, Mr. Copeland decided to buy. The rooster was all crated up and Andy was showing Mr. Copeland around the ranch when "Red" came to the decision that he would get out and run away. It didn't take him long to discover that the crate wasn't securely fastened, and that's how he got to Uncle Amos' garden.

About an hour later, when Mr.Copeland was about to leave, Andy learned what had happened. In a nervous fit he threw up his hands and with a voice that seemed to make the specks bounce from the poultry magnate's nose, he cried, "Great Jupiter! he's gone!"

"What! Gone?" gasped Mr. Copeland. "Ridiculous—impossible."

Almost desperate, Andy began searching and racing about the place for that priceless red rooster, but nowhere was "Red" to be found. Mr. Copeland, perfectly disgusted, stood back twisting his mustache, as if unable to comprehend the meaning of such absurd carrying on. Andy almost went into hysterics. The thought of losing "Red" at such a critical moment caused him to completely lose all self-control and power of reasoning. Like a wild man he began running to the neighbors, but not a sign was there of "Red." If only Floyd would have stayed home to take care of business instead of sailing around with that fickle New York doll. Finally, he decided to call Floyd on the 'phone. There wasn't a chance in a thousand of learning anything that way, but it was the last hope.

Frances went to answer the 'phone, then presently she came out. "Floyd, someone wants you at the 'phone," she said. "It seems to be very important."

Floyd went in and picked up the receiver. "Hello," he barked, "What do you want?"

"Hey, Floyd!" came Andy's excited voice, "have you seen anything of 'Red'? He's gotten loose, and I can't find him."

"Yes," answered Floyd dryly, "the rascal has been over here, and the old man has half chased his head off. I kept my mouth shut and let the devilish rooster go."

"You what? Let him go? What the—well, you big bonehead. I'll be—say, is that rooster still there?"

"I don't know! I've been searching half the western hemisphere for him. I'm coming right down." And bang, went the receiver.

"Hey! Andy, don't come down here! Keep off—Andy—hello—hey!"

But it was too late. Andy had hung up and was already started. He was going to "spill the beans" just as sure as the world. How was Floyd going to stop him, or how could he patch the matter up?

All the guests were out in the front yard when suddenly everybody's attention was diverted to a loud noise up on the hill where the Tillman and Ford ranch was. Floyd looked up. Andy was coming with the old Ford truck and driving with all the speed that he could possibly muster. Clouds of dust were rising into the air and chicken crates were bouncing off into space. The end-gate was rattling and the muffler had blown off. Hardly a ditch or stone in the road did the old truck seem to miss. Down the hill faster and faster banged the Ford, around the bend in the road at the bottom of the hill, going too fast to stay in the road. With a desperate jerk at the wheel, Andy swung the car to the right, skinned the bark off an old oak tree and almost tore the front steps clear off the corner of the house, then finally came to a standstill not more than six feet from where Aunt Sadie was standing with some of her lady guests.

There was a general turning up of noses and brushing of skirts as if they were totally astounded at such vulgarity. As luck would have it, "Red" at the same time

came stalking across the lawn. Floyd motioned Andy to come to him, but Andy seemed resolved to explain to Aunt Sadie that the rooster belonged to him, and that he had come to catch that rooster.

"Say, Andy," called Floyd impatiently. "Come here."

"Don't you see that's 'Red' over there?" asked Andy, coming up to his partner. "Now come and help me catch him."

"That's not our rooster," said Floyd desperately. "Shut up, and chase the pest out of here."

"You're crazy, that's—"

Floyd gave Andy a punch with his elbow. "Keep still," he whispered, "keep your mouth shut for a minute."

"But—"

"Get out of here!" cried Floyd at "Red," throwing a stone at the rooster. "Git!"

Andy almost went into a fit. "Red" ran under a hedge and got pinned down where he couldn't move. Andy made a jump for him, but Floyd grabbed his shoulder and held him back. "I'll take care of this; you get away from here quick," he commanded.

"What do you mean—I get away from here? Say, don't you know that's 'Red'? What the—"

"Hang it all, I tell you to shut up! Can't you keep it quiet? Don't you get me? For the love of Maude, beat it."

Andy began to wonder whether his friend had gone crazy.

"Oh, the poor rooster!" suddenly exclaimed Frances, making an effort to release "Red." "How dare you throw stones at the poor little rooster? Why, its leg is hurt! Just look!"

"Well, I'll be darned," thought Floyd, "that cursed rooster is going to ruin me yet. I'll bet the old man doesn't say 'the poor thing'."

Suddenly there was a wild kicking and a flapping of wings, and "Red" went sailing out of Frances' hands. Andy dashed after the rooster and caught him while still in the air, and without taking time to explain his great rush, he jumped into his Ford and was off.

Aunt Sadie was growing furious, but with her visitors present, she could do nothing.

"By George, this thing's getting on my nerves," said Floyd finally.

"What's getting on your nerves?" asked Frances.

"Oh, why, this—er—nothing" stammered Floyd. "Say, isn't this—"

"What in the world is the matter with you?" broke in Frances. "Whose rooster was that anyway?"

"Why—why—listen, don't tell your uncle or aunt this—but that was my rooster," said Floyd, completely cornered at last.

"Your rooster!" exclaimed Frances.

"Yes, and your uncle has been having a fine time with him. If he knew—"

"I know all about the trouble that Uncle had," said Frances. "Aunt Sadie told me about it."

"Well, that's the first time any of my chickens ever got loose," said Floyd, trying to defend himself. "If you tell your uncle, he'll think it was my chickens that were pestering him all summer."

"No, he wouldn't," said Frances.

"You won't tell him, will you?"

"No, of course not—I'll not say a word."

The beautiful July day came to a close. Sufficient explaining was given that night between Floyd and Andy, although Floyd was completely disgusted with his partner, and, likewise, his partner was disgusted with him.

The exasperating tale of the red rooster was finally discussed and stormed about by Aunt Sadie and Uncle Amos at the supper table. By the time Frances was done answering questions, the blame for the whole affair was almost entirely saddled onto poor Andy Ford.

That night Floyd was with Frances in the big wicker seat on the lawn. He had his violin. They were somewhat enclosed by a high hedge and it was moonlight, so—well, you see how it was.

"Play 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginia,'" said Frances. "That's Aunt Sadie's favorite, and Uncle's, too. See, their window is open, and they have just gone to bed."

Floyd began to play with his utmost skill, the beautiful notes of that sweet old song poured forth from the violin and up through the open window as they had never done before. Over and over he played it, softer and sweeter, till the old man jumped out of bed and went to the window to listen. The strange sadness of the song began to reach the heart of Aunt Sadie. As the soft waves of music fell into her ears there came those sweet memories of her girlhood, long years ago, down in her dear old Virginia. Sweeter and still softer fell those beautiful notes, till she couldn't help but sing those pathetic words, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

Finally, when he had played the piece over and over again, he looked up to the open window. Uncle Amos, in his nightshirt, was leaning halfway out over the sill.

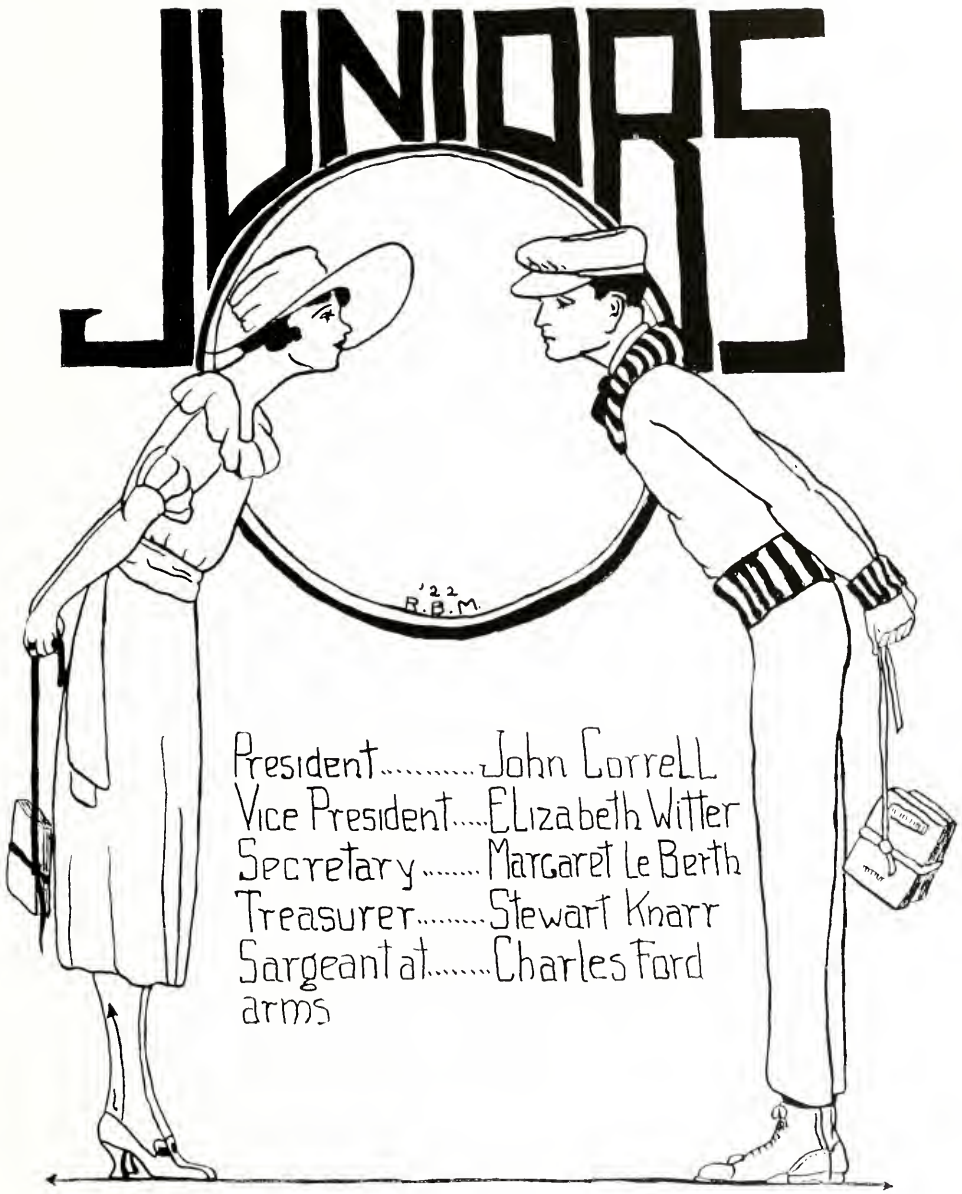
"Wonderful!" exclaimed the old man, "wonderful!" Then turning to his wife, he said, "I tell you, mama, that was none o' Floyd's fault—that red rooster business. No, sir-ee, that wasn't Floyd's fault. That Floyd Tillman is a fine boy—he's got a wonderful ear for music. That was none of his doing, no sir-ee. Remember what I'm tellin' ye, that boy'll be the governor of this here state some o' these days."

"Oh, by the way, Frances," said Floyd, "here's something I've brought over to show you. My friend Andy isn't such a bad business man after all. I guess he's got me beat. All this for that red rooster."

Frances looked at the check he had just handed her. It was filled out for four hundred and fifty dollars.

—Earl Edwin Palm, '21

JUNIORS



President.....John CorreLL
Vice President.....ELizabeth Witter
Secretary.....Margaret Le Berth
Treasurer.....Stewart Knarr
Sargeant at arms.....Charles Ford

Juniors

Boys

Hurst Anderson
Robert Barnett
Robert Beard
Albert Benson
William Bloor
Carlos Brewer
Harold Bruce
Ralph Bush
Robert Campbell
Russell Cline
John Condrin
John Correll
Nihl Crider
Everett Crile
Robert Cunningham
Harold Dysart
Robert Eggerton
Ross Eyerly
Edward Fisher
Harvey Fitzsimmons
Charles Ford
Karl Fritz
Russell Gibson
Carlton Guthrie
William Hahn
Raymond Harnly
Alden Heath
Ronald Henderson
Russell Humbert
Wayne Hursh
William Ingram
Reginald Jenny
Frederick Jesson
Robert Keith
Stewart Knarr
Russell Laird
Bosworth Lape
Arnold Lehnhart
George Leistensnider
Chester Linham
Lloyd Lister
Edmund Miller
Robert Mink
Lester McVicar
Paul Old
John Pearce
Russell Phipps
Anton Procker
Wilbur Remy
Arthur Riggs
Luther Roehner
Harold Sayles
Ned Shocker
Charles Shutt
Russell Snodgrass
Donald Speiser
Paul Stuff
Rolla Stull
Virgil Taylor
Jack Thorne
Robert Warne
Edward Watkins
John Weaver
Raymond Winters
Norman Wolfe
Charles Young

Girls

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Mary Antrican
Katherine Arnold
Zada Au
Florence Baer
Evelyn Baker
Pearl Barnes
Marie Barr
Marie Beer
Sarah Bishop
Thelma Black
Berdelle Bost
Alice Britton
Mary Brown
Olive Burger
Lillian Butts
Ethel Byerly
Florence Cairns
Donna Cline
Mildred Conley
Josephine Cook
Mildred Crabbe
Faye Craig
Eileen Craighead
Vallie Cramer
Mary Crile
Frances Culp
Laurabell Davis
Mildred DeWitt
Eunice Dickerson
Ruth Downs
Edith Erlich
Margie Feeney
Avenelle Fields
Nina Figley

Juniors (*Concluded*)

Marjorie Fisher
Mary Frey
Mary Gerstmeyer
Geraldine Gilbert
Martha Grabosky
Martha Gray
Martha Gump
Florence Hall
Edith Harrop
Jeanette Henkel
Gertrude Herbrand
Fern Herring
Naomi Hink
Margaret Hoppe
Lucile Hout
Wilma Hout
Helen Ingram
Miriam Johnson
Frances Jones
Doris Kellmerton
Helen Keating
Marian Keefe
Cecilia Kemp
Mary Kolb
Corinne Lawrence
Margaret LeBerth
Thelma Leech
Estella Lemon
Maurine Loiselle
Helen Lorow
Naomi Lutz
Ethelyn Mackey
Edith Malone
Hazel Manner
Florence Martin
Kathryn Martin
Ruth Massa
Dorothy Miller
Mabel Miller
Mildred Miller
Ruth Miller
Rhea Mitchell
Donna Morris
Mildred McCally
Helen McKinley
Margie McLean
Margaret Nolan
Fern Pittinger
Thelma Richey
Eleanor Ross
Ruth Rowlands
Bertha Schafer
Helen Schroer
Helen Schuler
Mary Scott
Florence Seymour
Frances Shannon
Mary Sheidler
Helen Shingleton
Faye Shively
Thelma Shupp
Helen Smith
Barbara Smythe
Helen Sommers
Isabelle Spohn
Miriam Thoma
Susannah Voegele
Lilian Walters
Josephine Whittier
Marvey Wiegand
Mary Wilkinson
Dolores Williams
Elizabeth Witter
Arvada Ziemke

Junior Class Poem

There was a class entered high school
In the fall of the year '18,
And it wasn't long, I'll tell you,
'Til her wonderful spirit was seen.

And now there's a class in M. H. S.,
You all have heard her name,
For '22 stands for all that's right
And thus she's winning fame.

She is in for Debate and Music
And Hyphonerian, too.
(Who was it bought more of the football issue
Than any the rest of you?)

She has her men in football
And men on the basketball squad.
Then, too, she has a class team
Of which she can well be proud.

'22 has a reputation,
But she's not lying down, you see.
Her spirit is, "On—Keep at it."
She's the class that is to be!

So, class that is, and class that was,
And class that is to be—
Let's show that we have the spirit
What kind of a class to be.

Let's show the other classes here
For work as well as play,
And we'll write the name of '22
Even higher than it is today.

—Jeanette Henkel

"1026"

Br-r-r-r! Flint swung around in his desk chair and took down the receiver, "Flint detective agency."

"Flint?"

"Yes."

"Hamleton talking; meet me immediately at the usual place."

"Yes, sir, be right out."

John B. Flint, well known New York detective, large in physique, carelessly apparelled, very keen in eye, arose from his chair, put on his overcoat and hat, and left his office.

As he walked up Broadway he turned up his coat collar, for it was late on a December night and the air had grown very cool. He went to the nearest hotel and hired a taxicab.

After traveling for a short time up Fifth Avenue they stopped before a large stone mansion, the residence of Warren J. Hamleton, a wealthy New York broker.

Flint walked up to the house, and to his surprise found Briggs, the butler, standing in the doorway waiting for him. He explained that Mr. Hamleton had placed him there to prevent Flint from ringing the bell, as he did not want any of the other servants to become aware of his presence.

He was led quietly up to the library. As Briggs opened the door, Warren J. Hamleton gazed up from his slouching position, having evidently been in deep thought. He was a medium-sized man, neatly dressed, dark in complexion, and of about middle age. The library, very familiar to Flint, was a large room lined on three sides by bookcases, and on the fourth there were two double windows heavily draped. The furniture consisted of several artistically upholstered chairs, a lounge, and large table in the center of the room.

"Come in, Flint," exclaimed Hamleton, who, after Flint had entered, arose and closed the door. After very nervously seating himself, he continued: "About an hour ago, eleven o'clock, just as I was ready to retire, this telephone rang. I answered and heard a muffled voice say the following: 'The grave you ordered dug for Warren Hamleton will be completed tomorrow for his burial,' and then a click and he had hung up. I have been thinking it over, but without your developed mind working on the subject, I have not been able to determine what course to pursue."

Flint thought a minute and replied, "I think the best thing for you to do is to remain in this room for two days and leave everything to me. This looks very much like an attempt at murder. The person, whoever it may be, evidently is not contented with murdering you alone, but wants to first wreck you mentally by informing you of his intentions. I will do a little telephoning and get some of my operators up here to spend the night."

"That's peculiar, the 'phone seems to be out of order; central does not answer."

True enough it was, for after spending fifteen minutes in the trial, there was no response. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Hamleton, I'll go out and try your other 'phone. I will report this one out of order."

"When you see Briggs out there tell him to stay up and watch around until your men arrive," requested the broker.

After a lapse of ten minutes Flint returned, reporting that he had been successful, and that the telephone man would be up in the morning.

"While you have been telephoning, Flint, this thing came to my mind. I suppose you remember that Gordon's twenty years' imprisonment ended last May? Do you also recall his threat? Could it possibly be he?"

It so happened that Gordon was an ever annoying enemy of Hamleton. He had been discovered guilty of a bank robbery through the untiring efforts of Hamleton. At the trial he swore that if he ever lived through the sentence he would put an end to that successful New York broker.

"I have been considering him also," replied Flint, "and I think in all probability Gordon is connected with this plot, and—"

"Mr. Hamleton! Mr. Hamleton!" exclaimed Briggs, much excited, as he rushed into the room. "There are several men running up the front walk."

"That's all right, Briggs," interrupted Flint, "I forgot to tell you I had sent for some of my operators. You may retire now if you care to do so."

Flint went to the door and admitted his men. He instructed four of them to guard the mansion on the outside. After searching the house thoroughly, accompanied by the remaining two of his men whom he placed at places of possible entry, he returned to Hamleton.

"I have the house carefully guarded, both inside and out now, so I think we will be all right. The best thing for you to do is to try to get some sleep, if it is at all possible, in that chair right where you are. I will guard this room myself."

"Flint, if you pull me out of this you will be a rich man."

The night passed quietly, with Hamleton napping now and then. Flint had a struggle between his fatigued self and his conscience, his conscience winning out until near daybreak, when he fell asleep for an hour.

At six, Hamleton being awake, Flint went to his office and secured several other operators to take the places of those weary bits of humanity who had been so faithful during the night. He did not intend to stay with Hamleton all day as he had an investigation which he wished to make.

After eating a hearty breakfast he went over to the telephone exchange and inquired whether any one had called 1026, Mr. Hamleton's residence, about eleven o'clock on the previous night. Very much to his satisfaction, but not to his surprise, no one had called that number.

Flint did not go back to the Hamleton residence that morning. What was the use? he thought. He had the house well guarded and he needed some time to think, to do that which he loved most to do, to think. So he spent the forenoon in his office, pondering over the perplexing situation.

It was two o'clock before he went to his lunch. He ate very little; he was not in the eating mood, for the life of that so very successful and noted New York broker was in his hands. Then there was the reward Hamleton had offered,—he must not fail!

He reached the mansion about three-thirty, where he found Hamleton pacing back and forth in his library.

"Well," asked Flint, "how have things gone this morning?"

"All right, all right," uttered the very depressed broker, "but the telephone men have not yet come, late as they usually are. Have you discovered anything this morning?"

"Only one thing. I went to the telephone exchange to find out whence that call had come. I discovered that no one had called your number through the exchange. I suspected that, but wanted to make sure. Whoever it is, has tapped the wires somewhere on the line."

Just then Briggs ushered in a small, slouchy, dark-complexioned man, dressed in working clothes, carrying a bag, who said he had come to fix the telephone. He was very sneaky about his work. Flint and Hamleton did not pay much attention to him, as they had more important matters to consider, they thought.

After an hour's work he put his tools away and announced that the telephone was in working order.

Flint stayed with Hamleton and they dined together in the library. It was seven o'clock before they finished, and it had grown dark outside.

The detective went around the house to see that all his men were on duty, in order to make sure of the mansion being thoroughly guarded. Every man was in his place. Then the house was again carefully searched before Flint went back to the library.

Just as he entered the room, the 'phone rang. Hamleton answered, "1026"—CRACK! Hamleton fell to the floor, dead. Flint's eye flashed. He called Briggs to take care of the victim. He rushed outside to his men and ordered that the wires leading to the library be searched. He went back and examined the 'phone. He found a small hole in the receiver. He took it apart. He found a small instrument, similar to a revolver, which he discovered later was discharged by a person speaking on the other end of the line.

Briggs had placed his master on the lounge and covered him over.

They were waiting for the undertaker, when a shuffling was heard in the hall and Flint rushed out of the room to find out what the disturbance was about. He saw that little sneaky man, that same person that had come to fix the telephone, being ushered in by two of his operators.

"You thought you would get away with it, did you?" sneered the detective, "not when John B. Flint is working on the case. Now come in the library and tell me all you know."

"I was in the telephone business," he started in a thin, trembling little voice. "I was sent up here to fix your 'phone. As I stepped out of my car in front of this mansion, a man with his hat drawn down over his face approached me. 'Listen,' he said, 'There's fifty thousand in it, and if you don't, you will be a dead man before morning. Take this instrument and insert it in his receiver and tonight you go around back of that house, tap the wires and call him up. As soon as you speak the first word, beat it. I will mail the check to you.' I did what I was told. I came too near the house and," he approached the table as he talked, "I could not get away. Your men were on me immediately. I didn't know what the instrument was, I tell you I didn't know what I was doing," and in his excitement he grabbed the revolver on the table and before Flint could stop him he had shot himself.

Flint sank into a big chair, dropped his head into his hands, with the words ringing in his ears—"you have failed—you have failed." And failed he had, for Gordon had escaped. Gordon it was, for no one else could it be. He had failed! All New York would know—he had failed.

Sitting in this condition, brooding over his failure, a maxim came to his memory—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." New kindling was thrown into the fire, the divine fire, that everlasting fire, that fire of determined success, which so many mortals let die to a spark. He arose from his chair, a new enthusiasm having been aroused.

Gordon was somewhere—he must get him. He was probably in New York, too—What was that? The telephone man moved! A hope sprang into the breast of Flint. If this man recovered, and if he could capture Gordon he would have some way of proving that Gordon was the man behind this deed.

An ambulance was called, and the telephone man was rushed to the hospital.

Flint went out into the street and stepped into a taxicab. He was going back to his office to think this thing over. He began to realize what a fool he would have been if he had let the murder of Hamleton discourage him.

As he stepped off the car before the building of his destination, he noticed a man hurry out of the entrance. What—he had seen that face somewhere before!—it was Gordon.

Flint caught up to the man and grasped him by the collar, proclaiming him under arrest.

Gordon struggled to get away, but Flint was the stronger of the two, and it availed him nothing. Three blows on his whistle summoned several policemen and Gordon was taken to a place of safety for the night.

Flint had him now! Success had come through failure. If he had not saved the life of Warren J. Hamleton, he had captured Gordon.

The remainder was comparatively easy. The telephone man recovered within three weeks.

The court pronounced Gordon guilty of the crime, and on a September morning Gordon ended his criminal career on this small planet, as many other men of the same type have done.

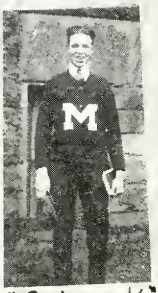
Flint had lost the reward that Hamleton had offered him. But what was that. since he had captured Gordon? The immaterial reward of freeing New York of this criminal was far greater than any material reward that he could ever have secured.

John B. Flint, having learned one of the greatest lessons this world has to teach, pushed on up the incline of advancement towards that lofty peak of success. He arose to a fame that ne'er a New York detective had reached.

—Hurst R. Anderson, '22

"Ain't we sweet"

"Hold 'em"



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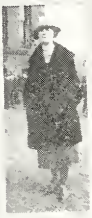
"Chuck"



"Handsome"

"Tee-Hee"

"AW-Go-on!"

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IRVIN BRUNE

CLARENCE HEIN
VICE PRESIDENT

TREASURER
HOWARD RUSK

MARION BRADFORD
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Shirley Beam
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Chester Brubach
Irvin Brune
Myron Burneson
Cecil Byers
Joseph Cairns
Walter Cunning
Clark Davis
Earl Dickson
James Dickson
Glenn Erdenberger
Kenneth Ernsberger
Darl Faust
Carl Fay
Ray Fields
Robert Forsythe
Harold Frasher
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Wayne Garrison
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Albert Hackten
Lee Hammett
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Dean Herrold
Clarence Hein
John Hill
Earl Horning
Selby Houston
David Hughes
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Henry Isaly
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Paul Keane
Arthur Kienle
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Paul Kirkpatrick
Edward Kissel
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John Kolb
Abraham Lantz
Huber Lantz
John Leppo
William Long
Paul Lorentz
Frank Maxwell
Frederick Mull
Paul Murphy
Carl Myers
Floyd McLaughlin
Chester McVicar
Dale Oswalt
Harry Parr
Howard Pierce
Jack Robbins
Russell Ross
Albert Roth
Willard Ruhl
Howard Rusk
Henry Schroeder
Chester Schultz
Kenneth Shaffer
Herbert Slough
Everett Smith
Hubert Smith
George Snyder
Eugene Spain
Arden Strang
Roscoe Sullivan
Russell Tappan
Paul Todd
John Walery
Richard Warrington
John Watkins
Carl Weikert
Charles Whitman
Harold Willman
Ralph Wilmoth
Karl Wolford
Don Youngblood
Clarence Zehner
John Zellner

Girls

Geraldine Adams
Ruth Adams
Thelma Anderson
Grace Baker
Katherine Ballentine
Naomi Banks
Alice Barton
Clara Beard
Ithna Bechtel
Lucille Becker
Naomi Bender
Charlotte Berlo
Isabelle Bogan
Gladys Bower
Elizabeth Boyer
Eleanor Bradford
Marion Bradford
Louise Bricker
Wilberta Brown
Nellie Cairns
Elizabeth Calver
Faye Chamberlain
Madaline Chronister
Mary Courtney
Dorothy Craig
Esther Crall
Louise Crider

Sophomores (*Concluded*)

Ruth Culbertson
Emma Dent
Gertrude Dickey
Dorothy Ebert
Creta Eggert
Louise Emery
Helen Fox
Esther Frietchen
Pauline Gallagher
Ruth Garver
Lucille Gerhart
Beatrice Gerrell
Madaline Goard
Alice Grabler
Ercell Grenlee
Bernice Gregory
Thelma Haffa
Mary Hagerman
Louise Hancock
Irene Harbaugh
Ruth Harding
Delphia Harmon
Margaret Heichel
Mae Herring
Adeline Hoffman
Irene Hoffman
Marcella Hoffman
Emma Horne
Dorothy Hunter
Ruth Hursh
Wilma James
Viola Jones
Mary Kaercher
Elizabeth Kegg
Louise Kerr
Thelma Kick
Evelyn King
Mae King
Eleanor Knell
Margaretta Laird
Marjorie Lemon
Margaret Leopold
Althea Lorentz
Helen Lyons
Irene Mamber
Catherine Matz
Mildred Meeker
Mary Miles
Loveina Miller
Sadie Miller
Clara Moore
Edith Moore
Ruth McClure
Vesta McGee
Marian McGinley
Leona McGinty
Mildred McGinty
Rhea McGregor
Bertha McLaughlin
Irene McMeeker
Rose Nixon
Sara Oster
Bertha Palmer
Lucile Parker
Evelyn Pearson
Zoa Pittinger
Dorothy Reinhart
Marion Rice
Miriam Rife
Florence Ritchie
DaLee Robinson
Isabel Robinson
Lucile Ruley
Louise Russell
Elizabeth Sampsell
Dorothy Schnorr
Sybil Scott
Katherine Sells
Leeta Shaffer
Isabel Sheets
Ruth Smith
Inez Sotherland
Nellie Spencer
Annlisbeth Springer
Elizabeth Taylor
Erma Teeters
Kathryn Terman
Isabelle Tulloss
Ruth Turner
Elsie Von Guilder
Lorna Weaver
Alverda Wiegand
Naoma Wigton
Lulu Wise
Lydia Witschi
Lois Wolff
Esther Wood
Mary Zeigler
Madelle Zimmerman

Sophomore Class Poem

To M. H. S. in '19 there came
A class, predestined to win much fame;
Its members were from the very start
Ever ready and willing to do their part;
With manly grace their "slams" they bore,
And never were the least bit "sore,"
But mixed right in and showed the rest
That, 'though they were Freshies, they did their best;
They worked for the good of the school, you see,
And this wonderful class was '23.

This year there's a class that's very great,
Way above the others does it rate,
Not only in music, studies, and art,
But in all activities does its part.
Ready to work when work is needed,
But never stuck up and never conceited;
It likes to play when work is done
For it likes good times and lots of fun;
An all-round class is this, you see,
This wonderful class of '23.

But the present and past matter not
Compared to the future's coming lot;
But, better to know, tomorrow's coming will bring
Greater things for this class than have ever been;
" 'Though good, we'll be better," is this class's aim,
And through this path it will gain its fame;
The name forever will live, you see,
Of this wonderful class of '23.

—Marion Bradford

"The Hobby Horse"

In a cobwebby corner of London on Christmas eve, an old man and a small boy were busily arranging toys, dolls and other playthings on the dusty shelves and counters of their Toy Shop. It was cold, bleak, biting weather. They could hear the people passing outside, coughing, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement to warm them. It was only four o'clock, but it was quite dark already. Candles flared in the windows of the neighboring, dingy shops, but these could hardly be seen on account of the dense fog, for the fogs of London are famous.

This was one of those secluded, dusty, beautiful old shops which one stumbles on while globe-trotting. Inside, the brilliant colors and the rather antique air of the place made a person wish to look and *look*. But the toys, carefully dusted and well kept by their adoring owners, were placed upon the shelves bordering the long, narrow room, and inside or on top of the cases. Long oaken drawers seemed to whisper their secrets, telling of the larger and more precious treasures which they were concealing until some visitor who particularly pleased their old master should ask to be allowed to see them. The room was heated by a small stove set up near an old desk with a long, high bench. It was lighted by a flickering gas jet and several candles.

The boy, whom we shall call Jean, stood on a very high stool placing the toys on the shelf as his grandfather, Peter Ramee, handed them to him, cautioning him to be careful with each one. Jean's eyes were sparkling and his beautiful little face was all aglow. His curls shone blue black when the light played on them. He was clad in a suit made of coarse material, and heavy woolen socks covered his sturdy legs to the knee.

Peter, for everyone called him that, would have made some picture famous had some modern Rembrandt wandered into his shop and caught him painting a favorite little lady, lovely in pink and white and gold with powdered hair and high-heeled slippers, and all made of the finest of Meissen china. His long hair was snow white and crowned with a black skull cap. He wore a faded, russet colored, close fitting old jacket. His beautiful face shone with pride in his work and with kindliness.

These two often laughed merrily when a funny little clown or a peculiar representative from animal land was handed up to be placed near the others. Stories were told about this one, then that one, by old Peter, Jean helping out here and there, for he had heard these stories many times, these stories of his great-grandfather.

Once a motor turned the corner and the lights flashed through the shop. A moment later the door flew open and a little girl pulling a rather ruffled old lady burst into the room. After the door had closed with a bang she dropped the lady's hand and began to run about, clapping her hands and laughing with delight as she spied this, then that lovely toy. When she came up to a sturdy tin soldier she saluted him gravely, then laughed gleefully as she turned to the two dumb-founded shopkeepers.

The old man stood perfectly still, holding a white elephant under his arm and a dust cloth in his hand. An expression of utter astonishment shone on his face as he looked from one to the other. Jean stood on the high stool, a picture of surprise and wonder, with very large eyes and wide open mouth. But when the little girl made a grimace at his favorite clown he burst out laughing and jumped down from his high perch, clinging to his grandfather's arm.

The old lady, after adjusting her furs and veil, advanced toward Peter, saying she would like to buy some appropriate toys for some poor children who lived a block or two down the street. Peter went about showing her his treasures.

"I am Mrs. Meredith," she explained, "and that is my niece, Sybil Gray. Her uncle discovered this charming shop yesterday and nothing could be right until Sybil had visited it."

"Yes, yes," answered Peter, "I remember Monsieur Meredith well. He came yesterday to see my toys. I am glad to show them to you, Madame."

Sybil was slowly approaching the huge hobby horse in the corner. It was beautifully painted, and a heavy leather saddle with stirrups attached was placed on its back. A long mane of silken hair hung from its neck. The face looked almost life-like, so wonderful was the work, for this was the most famous piece in the collection of Peter's father.

"Isn't it just lovely?" she cried, turning to Jean who was sitting on the top of the desk swinging his legs over the side.

"Yes siree. That's my grandfather's favorite. Want to ride it?"

"Oh, I couldn't. You see it's much too tall. But wouldn't it be fine if its legs would move, really and truly?"

"Well, I never thought of that before, but p'r'aps it would run away then. See that over there? That's almost as old as Methuselah himself. Jumps up and down, too."

And so they looked at everything and selected some soldiers and dolls for the poor kiddies. Before she left, Sybil ran back to the hobby horse and gave it a loving little pat.

"Good-bye everybody; I'm coming back as soon as my auntie will bring me."

Then the motor carried them away, but all the way home Sybil was very quiet, for she was thinking of that wonderful hobby horse and the beautiful little boy with shining, black curls.

The little girl, sometimes with her aunt, sometimes with her governess, visited the toy shop often after that first visit. A happy friendship grew up between the two children and Jean told her the stories belonging to some of the toys. They always stood before the hobby horse before Sybil left and patted it admiringly. One day Jean told her that he would make one just like it whose legs would really move.

"Yes, 'course, when you're great, big man." Jean had straightened up considerably, thrown back his head and said, "Sure!"

One year Sybil went far away to a school across the sea and far away from Jean and the Toy Shop. Father Time marked off ten long years before we find them again.

* * * * * * *

It was an evening in July, about the dinner hour, when a motor drew up in front of one of New York's most exclusive bric-a-brac shops. A young lady jumped out and ran into the building, a beautiful doll under one arm. She hurried about and finally approached a middle-aged man, who was mending some old steel armor, held out the doll and pointed to the face, which had been disfigured by a broken nose and a long crack across the face.

"Yes, Miss Gray, I am quite sure that it can be repaired."

"Then I shall leave it here. Now I should like to see some toys that would make a little boy about six years old very happy. I found him in the children's ward in one of New York's hospitals this morning, a poor crippled kiddie."

"I will send a man to show you the toys at once."

Sybil looked at the carvings, old blue jugs, Chinese idols and such things until a salesman came and led her to the toy department. Here were toys of every descriptions, dolls, drums, animals, horns and furniture, everything that a child could wish. She looked at some large plush pussy cats with eyes made of green glass and decided to purchase one of these. Just as she was leaving, her eyes fell upon a huge hobby horse standing on a table and—it was just like one she had seen years ago. Could it—could it be Jean's hobby horse? No—no, never! She ran toward it.

The salesman smiled, and coming back, followed her, beginning to work about the toy animal. In a few seconds its legs were moving—actually moving, and how real it looked! After her first surprise, Sybil turned to the man, who was standing near, and asked where he had found this wonderful thing.

"I believe Mr. Rosen picked it up in a small curiosity shop of an old Frenchman in London who was selling his priceless treasures to dealers that he might return to France with a grandson who had made a fortune on toys in Paris. It was very interesting and Mr. Rosen was almost wild when he discovered that shop a few weeks ago," he said.

Sybil was hot and cold by turns and shaking dreadfully, but she managed to say something and somehow found her way to her car. As she hurried home she hugged the huge toy, just purchased, while great tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, royal thing! I've looked for you so long. Where, oh, where is Jean and dear old Peter? I am going to France, hobby horse dear, to find them."

The next morning the sun streaming into her pretty room awakened a tousled, yet beautiful Sybil very early. She jumped up, laughing softly, and a little later, after giving the nose of her new hobby horse a loving squeeze, was tripping down the broad stairway, prettily dressed in garden togs. The morning was spent in the conservatory with Joe, the gardener. She arranged trellises and plants artistically, for there was to be a party at her home that evening. Then choosing some red, red roses, she ran away to place them in various rooms.

That evening was a gay one at the Gray homestead. Colonel Gray entertained the old aristocratic set of New York's society, and his daughter charmingly received his friends at their home. The guests were enjoying dancing and social conversation when the old butler toddled up to Miss Sybil whispering in his shaking voice that a young man wished to see her immediately.

"Take him to the library," she said, "I shall be there in a few minutes."

A little later Sybil hurried toward the library, wondering as she went what this caller could want. The library was lighted by only one beautiful crimson and gold lamp, so when she entered the room she could not distinguish the features of the man who had risen to his feet as she entered. Going forward, she waited for him to speak, and as he stepped into the light she saw a tall, handsome young man—very young—with great black eyes and—

"Jean!" she cried, "Jean, is it—is it—"

"Yes, it is, Sybil; you see I followed the hobby horse. We've waited a long, long time."

* * * * * * *

The old clock in the hall had struck several times, but the two people in the library were too happy and busy talking about the past to notice. It seemed an eternity to the anxious guests, but at last Sybil went back. Not alone, however, for she was proudly introducing Jean to them and couldn't have looked happier.

—Louise Hancock, '23

"Napoleon!"

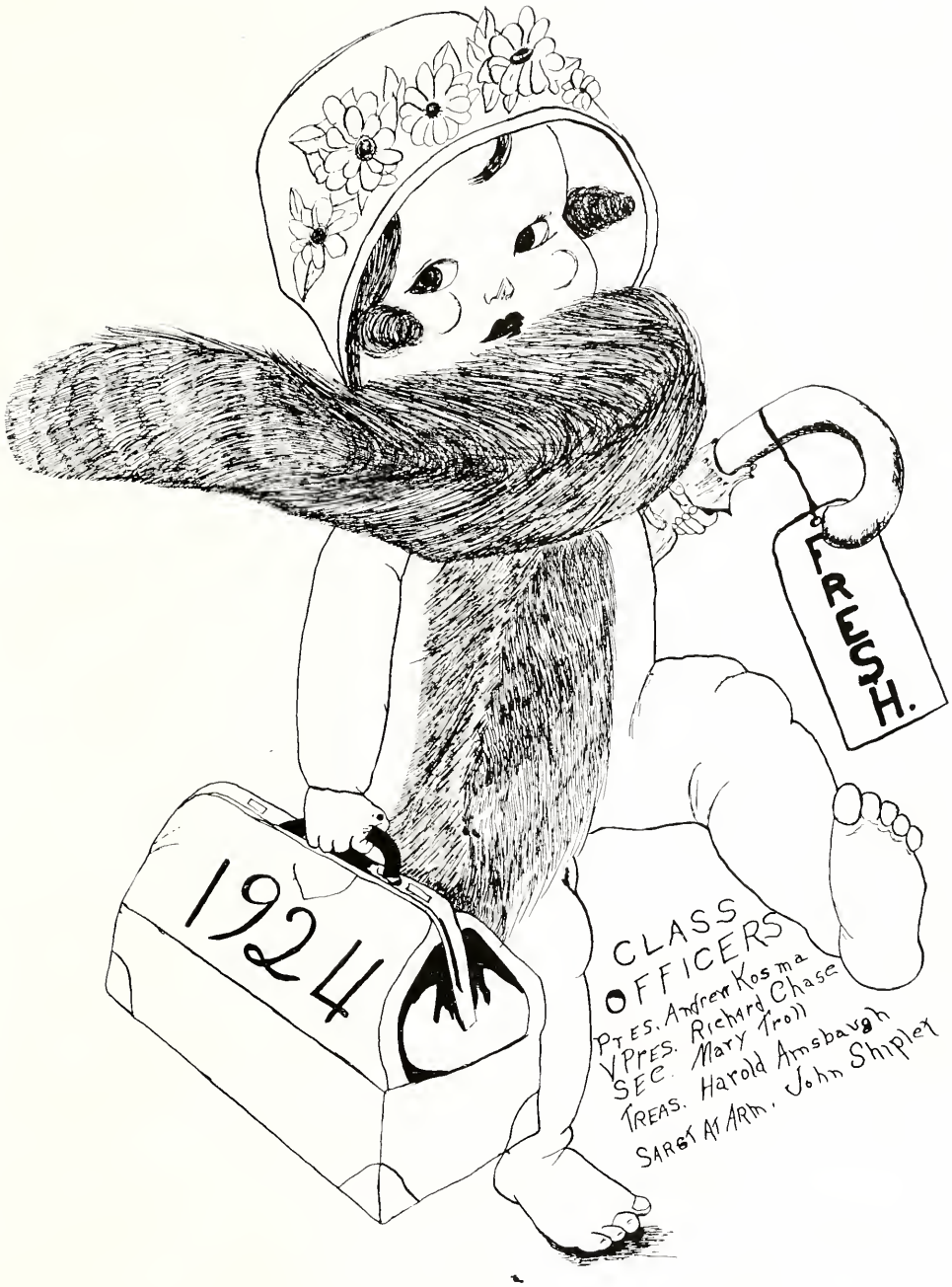
"Windy?"

"Whose Dog?"

"Pals!"

"Posing"

"Just me"


1924
CLASS
OFFICERS
PRES. Andrew Kosma
V PRES. Richard Chase
SEC. Mary Troll
TREAS. Harold Amsbaugh
SARGT AT ARM. John Shipley
Thelma Crawford
"21"

Freshmen

Boys

Paul Ackerman
Harold Amsbaugh
Paul Anderson
Elden Arbaugh
Russell Bailey
Ivor Balyeat
Donald Beck
Donald Beer
Philmore Bein
Ray Bergstresser
Paul Berno
Edward Bolan
James Brook
Blaine Burkholder
William Bushnell
Glendale Butz
James Byers
Harold Campbell
Thomas Campbell
Humphrey Carden
Henry Carr
Albert Carter
Richard Chase
Lindus Clark
John Constance
Francis Cope
George Culler
John Davey
Alfred Davis
Howard Davies
Kenneth Davis
John Dickson
Harry Dillon
Virgil Divelbliss
Marion Dow
Dean Eckert
Chester Eisenberger
Harold Eller
Burns Ernsberger
Selyn Evans
Willard Eyerly
Alvin Frankhauser
Harry Fay
Fred Ferguson
Chester Frickman
Frank Gadfield
Harold Garrison
Ernst Geiger
Wallace Gilkinson
Charles Gimbel
Marvin Grabler
Paul Gray
John Gross
Howard Guy
Earl Hassinger
Chester Haupt
Joseph Hawkins
Fredrick Henne
Ralph Henne
Cecil Honse
Kenneth Houston
Lloyd Huff
Lester Hunter
George Imperio
Russell Jesson
Russell Johns
William Johns
Louis Kaufman
Earl Keltner
Robert Kennedy
Earl Kindinger
Andrew Kozma
James Krug
John Kuhn
Paul Kurtz
Clare Kyler
William Lambright
Cletus Leach
Harold Lutz
Merle Mabee
William Martin
Kenneth Merrill
James Miller
Earl Morahan
Edwin Morris
Richard Mosey
Herbert Mull
Theodore Muth
Lewis McCullough
Homer McFadden
Stanley McFarland
Lew McIlvaine
Robert Nail
Paul Nolin
Robert Parker
Hilton Parkinson
Lester Perry
Parr Peterson
Robert Phipps
Berl Piatt
Lewis Poling
Allen Ports
Frank Renard
Raymond Rettig
Richard Ricketts
George Rowe
Raymond Rowlands

Freshmen (*Continued*)

Neil Ruhl
George Sarbry
Albert Schaller
Paul Schiska
David Schraedly
Ted Seeburger
Stanley Seidel
Harold Seybold
John Shiplet
Milton Spratt
Ralph Staiger
Edwin Steel
Donald Stilwell
Allan Stoodt
Robert Stoughton
Emil Stutz
Russell Taylor
Russell Terman
Paul Thieme
Paul Todd
Elewyn Tyler
Floyd Uhlich
Russell Wallace
Joseph Walsh
Evert Walters
Stanley Weddell
Clemens Wehinger
Milton Weidner
Harlan Weimer
Lester Wendland
Howard Wenning
Stanley West
Thomas Whorl
Richard Widders
Harold Wiegand
Harry Wilkinson
John Williams
Paul Wilmore
George Wintersteen
Albert Wolfarth
Nevins Wright
Lawrence Zehner

GIRLS

Frances Ackerman
Ruth Adams
Martha Albrecht
Mildred Almy
Harriet Antrican
Viola Bailey
Dorothy Ballantine
Leota Barnett
Mary Benson
Sylvia Bishop
Marie Blizzard
Lois Bride
Grace Brooker
Gladys Brubaker
Lucille Bruback
Emily Buchanan
Florence Burdette
Kathryn Bush
Edna Calver
Ada Campbell
Ruth Charles
Marjorie Cochran
Virginia Cheney
Frances Combs
Ruth Conn
Thelma Crider
Mary Culler
Katherine Culp
Lillian Cunningham
Fern Daubenspeck
Phern Davies
Mary Davis
Myrle Davis
Ruth Davis
Margarite Day
Jennie Dent
Sarah DeWitt
Helen Dickson
Thelma Dickson
Fern Dillon
Ival Dingey
Nellie Dobbs
Dorothy Dunklin
Virginia Eley
Evelyn Emery
Eva Erndt
Mildred Feree
Maryalice Ford
Margaret Forsythe
Sarah Foust
Ramona Frederick
Anita Freer
Doris Garver
Edna Geisel
Jean Gibson
Leone Glawe
Pauline Grassick
Margaret Greider
Josehine Grice
Loveina Grimes
Margaret Groscost
Mildred Haag
Naomi Hahn
Ethel Hamaker
Elizabeth Hambleton

Freshmen (*Concluded*)

Eleanor Hancock
Juanita Harbold
Mathilda Hautzenroeder
Mildred Heichel
Marie Heitz
Pauline Hempfield
Wilma Hershey
Mary Hetler
Corinne High
Elizabeth Hild
Irene Hipp
Carrie Hoover
Geraldine Hoover
Alberta Hughes
Winifred Hughes
Irene Hutzelman
Adele Jacot
Lucile Jackson
Evelyn Jenkins
Mary Jolley
Evelyn King
Thelma Kinton
Alice Kissane
Zella Knapp
Martha Komito
Frances Koogle
Ellen Lape
Bernice Latimer
Mildred Lehman
Catherine Lemly
Thelma Long
Ruth Mabee
LaRue Maze
Edna Meily
Catherine Merrill
Lillian Miles
Gladys Miller
Ilene Molter
Helen Moore
Clara Moyer
Ruth Mulquin
Frances McBride
Lucile McClure
Pearl Newton
Mildred Noland
Alice Parkinson
Mildred Picking
Dorothy Quigley
Dorothy Ream
Constance Reed
Marie Robinson
Martha Ropp
Norma Rosen
Mary Roth
Marjorie Rudolph
Mildred Russell
Ruth Rust
Mary Schneider
Elizabeth Schnorr
Margaret Scott
Bertha Seybold
Margaret Seybold
Erma Sigler
Neva Simmons
Mildred Smith
Pauline Smith
Cora Snyder
Esther Snyder
Evelyn Stanley
Pauline Statler
Ruth Steele
Dorothy Stough
Genevieve Stough
Hazel Stull
Martha Sweeney
Frances Swisher
Eilzabeth Tamer
Pauline Terry
Virginia Townsend
Mary Troll
Pauline Tryon
Helen Twitchell
Esther Voll
Mildred Wachs
Dorothy Weber
Virginia West
Helen Whitman
Correan Williams
Marilla Wilson
Mary Wiltrout
Naomi Wolf
Marion Wood
Mabel Woods
Peggy Woodworth
Mildred Yarnell
Mazie Yoha
Vera Yoha
Lettie Yost
Ruth Young
Althea Ziemke

Freshman Class Poem

Tell me not, you older number,
Freshie's life is all a frost;
We cut short our morning slumber,
So our lessons won't be lost.

Start each morning in dead earnest,
Off to M. H. S. we go.
We will have, when we returneth,
Good grades then to show.

Mr. Whitehouse still reminds us,
We are climbing sure but slow.
And our willing teachers help us,
If our lessons we don't know.

Twenty-four, be up and doing,
Working early, working late;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to hustle—not to wait.

—Zella Knapp, '24

The Goodluck Horseshoe

Aunt Jane sat before the fire, meditating upon something which seemed to vex her very much. The clock on the wall untiringly ticked away the minutes, but she still sat lost in thought.

Finally, just as Uncle Ben opened the door of the cozy room, Aunt Jane exclaimed, "The very thing," so suddenly that old Tom, the cat, who sat purring contentedly before the fireplace, jumped up in alarm and darted out through the door as though the biggest dog in the neighborhood was after him.

"What's the 'very thing'?" queried Uncle Ben, somewhat taken aback at the strange scene that had thus greeted him.

"Well," answered Aunt Jane, "you know that next week is Betty's birthday. You also remember that we couldn't have a party for her last year because I was sick. I thought since she was so disappointed about the party we ought to make up for it this year by having a house party."

Uncle Ben consented, and in a few days ten dainty invitations found their way to the mail box and from there to the homes of ten delighted young people. Every one accepted, and at the end of the next week the solemn, old-fashioned house had been transformed into a bright, merry one, filled with the joyful voices of young people.

The first evening, as they all sat around the fireplace toasting marshmallows, some one suddenly suggested that Betty, as their hostess, tell them a story. At this the others also began clamoring for a story and Betty consented.

She turned toward Uncle Ben. "May I tell them the story of this old house, Uncle Ben?" asked she.

Uncle Ben gave his consent and Betty told them the story in this way:

"Uncle Ben's grandfather went out west during the gold rush, and fortunately struck gold. When he returned he secreted his gold somewhere in this old house, for he was one of those persons whose miserly instincts create in them an inveterate dislike for banks. This hiding place was known only to himself. After his death the only thing found among his possessions relating to his fortune was a letter yellow with age, which was written to one of his friends, telling him of his riches. Pinned to this was a small piece of paper containing these words:

'Somewhere hidden 'neath the eaves,
Guarded by a branch of leaves;
There's a treasure rests in state,
For its master 'tis in wait.'

"Where and to what this refers, no one has ever discovered. Three generations of the family have searched the house from top to bottom, but each time the search has been fruitless. Uncle Ben and myself have been among the searchers, but our exploring, too, was useless. We have all finally given it up. But I often think if only I might find the treasure Uncle Ben and Aunt Jane could move to the city and I could go to college," Betty finished, as she heaved a sigh.

"I wish I could find your treasure for you, Betty," said Dick, as they all trooped off to bed.

"There is no hope whatever," replied Betty sadly.

And so they all went to bed to dream of the treasure and of being millionaires, only to wake up in the early morning, their own insignificant, little selves.

Betty was awakened the next morning by the pitter-patter of rain-drops and knew that the picnic in the woods, that was scheduled for the day, would have to be

postponed. She ran downstairs in dismay, and Aunt Jane, meeting her in the hall, inquired what the trouble was.

"Well," answered Betty, "you know we can't have our picnic today. I don't know what we shall do to pass away the time."

Aunt Jane stood for several minutes thinking. "There are several old trunks up in the attic, which are filled with old-fashioned clothes. If the others agree, why not spend the morning up there, and if you wish you may dress up in them," said she.

So after breakfast the young people, intent on a good time, trooped off to the attic. In a short time all were arrayed in their respective gowns and dress suits except Tom. While they were waiting for him, Dick found an old box containing a horseshoe.

"Why, that's Uncle Ben's Good Luck Horseshoe!" exclaimed Betty.

Just then Tom came forth in a very ridiculous costume. His high boots just met his knee-breeches, and the high hat perched on his powdered wig made such a comical appearance that Dick playfully pretended to knock the hat off with the horseshoe, which he was holding in his hand. When he threw the horseshoe it struck with a dull thud what they had supposed was the outside wall of the end of the attic, and a large piece of thin boarding fell from its place. The boys at once began exploring and found that back of this was a space several feet wide, in which stood several old trunks. After removing the remaining part of the partition, the boys pulled the old trunks out into the middle of the attic. As the last trunk was being removed, a branch of leaves, withered with age, fell down back of it, and Dick screamed, "The treasure!"

The boys almost fell over each other in the scramble which followed. Dick, arriving first, picked up a box covered with dust and dirt. As he did so he was greeted with a merry jingle of coins. As the contents of the bag were emptied on the floor, it was found to contain not only gold and silver, but also jewels, bank notes and bonds of great value.

* * * * * *

Several years later the same group of friends were again sitting around the fireplace. But this time it was in the city residence of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brown and their niece, Betty, who was attending college.

"How lovely it all seems," remarked Betty.

"Yes," replied Dick. "It hardly seems possible that three years ago we were at your old home and you were telling us about the treasure."

"And just think," said Tom, "if it had not rained that day and we had not played in the attic you might never have found the money."

—Bertha Seybold, '24

"24" Rah. Rah!

Be Mine

Selfish

School Girls

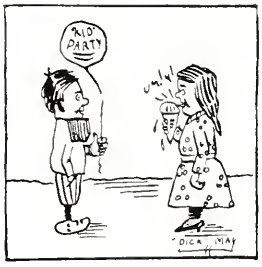
JOURNAL

SEPT.

SEPTEMBER

13. Boom! Sis! Boom! School commences.
14. The Freshmen get lost, much to the amusement of the upper classmen.
15. Seniors get report rooms changed, and bid farewell to their friends.
16. Freshmen still use the watchwords, "Where?" "When?"
17. Everyone has schedules arranged, so excitement ends.
20. Football squad working hard for our first game.
23. Rah! Our first half holiday.
24. The Fair continues, and so do half holidays.
25. Mansfield football squad plays first game of season at Lorain. Lorain 21—M. H. S. 0.
29. First Hypho comes out.
    First Hi-Y meeting of this year.
30. Fifty cents, please! Everyone joins the Athletic Association.
    First time M. H. S. ever had a 100% Athletic Association.

OCTOBER



OCT.

2. Rah! Rah! M. H. S. defeats Shelby, 21-3.
   Rings and Pins selected by committee.
6. Senior meeting concerning the "Kid Party."
7. A meeting to convince everyone to buy a season ticket for football.
9. A glorious victory over Delaware, 17-0.
13. Juniors elect class officers.
15. Seniors all wear sweaters to celebrate Sweater Day, in spite of the fact that they nearly smother.
16. Mt. Vernon game. "Nuff" said.
18. Those Sophs. surely believe in stepping out. Their parties are so numerous we can't keep account of them.
20. Returns of "Annual" election and the first meeting.
22. A real "pep" mass meeting in which Mr. Henkel tells us his opinion of the team.
    Football squad presents Oster with a gold football.
25. For about the tenth time, we have our study halls changed.
26. Seniors try to imagine themselves at the "Kid" party.
27. The date of the "Kid" party. You'd be surprised at some of those dignified Seniors.
29. No school. The teachers go to Cleveland.

NOV

NOVEMBER

1. Continual flunking. Too many parties!
3. Bob Ackerman's feet too large? Take out an accident policy.
4. Mr. Whitehouse falls up the steps.
5. Juniors display too many remnants.
11. No school. Armistice Day.
12. The football men, with the exception of Captain Sotherland, decide to have a half holiday.
15. Senior meeting. Also a Freshman meeting.
16. A Freshman renders a solo in Study 1. The title is "Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"
17. The Civics books arrive, to every one's disappointment. But they arrive just in time for the fire at Ritter's book store.
18. Faculty have refreshments. Just visit the office; they'll give you a glass of cider, maybe.
19. Every one disappointed; Marion game cancelled.
23. A real peppy mass meeting for the Ashland game.
25. A. H. S. 13, M. H. S. 14. We have the best turkey ever by defeating Ashland.

DECEMBER

DEC

1. About twenty men reported for basketball practice.
3. Mass meeting held. Football squad presented with boxes of candy made by the Senior girls.
6. Senior pins and rings arrive.
7. Our first basketball game. Norwalk 24, M. H. S. 17.
11. Where's the two pins Curt F. ordered? He only wears one. Maybe he keeps one for good.
12. Mrs. Newman compares the Freshmen to the books in the library. She said, after they once got out of the room they failed to find their way back.
16. Freshmen have their first class party.
17. January 3, vacation.

30-31-Jan. 1. Basketball team takes a three days' trip, playing Sandusky, Fostoria and Tiffin. Three victories to the credit of M. H. S.

JAN.

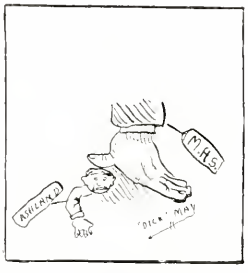
JANUARY

3. School again! Every one thinks dinner time will never come.
7. Play our old rival in basketball, which resulted in a defeat for M. H. S.
9. Blue Triangle Club holds Mother and Daughter banquet. It was very successful and every one reported a good time.
10. Harold Bruce and John Weaver give the pupils in the rear of Room One a concert, which Miss Aberle fails to appreciate.

14-15. Basketball trip for team.

17. Seniors all go to the photographer's to get shot. Very good results.
18. Blue Triangle girls have first lesson in physical training.
19. Bus. May is late. He was very disgusted about the matter, but much more so when he fell about five steps while on his way to the office.
21. Veteran Mt. Vernon team defeats M. H. S.
27. Wanted—High Chairs and Cradles, to be used by those Freshmen who can't yet walk and are continually falling around in the Seniors' way.

FEBRUARY



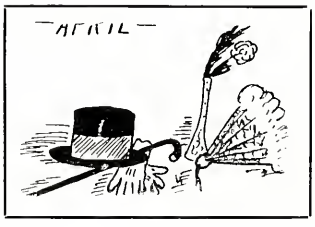
FEB.

2. What happened in the initiation of the Hi-Y? Just look at Bus. May, and you'll know there was something.
3. Senior girls sell sweets at the game as a means for getting money to give the members of the "M" Association a banquet.
9. We hear a lot of noise. It is just the orchestra practicing.
10. Sophs have their party in form of a carnival.
11. Mansfield defeats Marion, 37-20.
14. Graceful Kenny Sotherland falls off his chair in Study One.
18. Ashland put down by M. H. S., 32-24.
22. Seniors hold their banquet, which is a great success.
24. Many M. H. S. students leave for Delaware to witness the games.
25. Mansfield wins the first two games at the tournament.
26. M. H. S. wins again from Fostoria, but is put out of the tournament in the fourth round by Toledo Scott .
28. The faculty sensation! Mr. Reinhart walks to school with Miss Bowers.
29. Mrs. Wagner appears with a new dress on.

MARCH

1. Rain! Rain! and more rain. But it's a sure sign spring is coming.
7. Juniors are at work practicing for the play.
10. We find out we have a debating team that's going to defeat Ashland.
11. Members of the Freshmen class try to write class poems.
18. Hi-Y holds a party at the Y, which is successful, as usual.
21. Seniors hold a class meeting to discuss various points concerning graduation.
22. A triangular debate. One team goes to Wooster. A team will come here from Ashland.
23. Returns from debate. The team which went to Wooster was defeated, while the team at home was able to defeat Ashland.
24. Cast of the Senior Play announced.
25. This is the last day before vacation, but some think it commences today.
26. The Senior class basketball team wins from the Soph. team. The Seniors now have the class championship.

APRIL



1. April Fools' Day. Some people can't be fooled; oh, no.
4. Junior cast losing a lot of sleep these nights.
7. Every one anxious to hear the plan of the Reception.
8. The long-waited-for day has arrived. Such commotion!
9. Every one thinks the Prom a wonderful success. Congratulations to the class of '22.
11. Junior play presented for the last time to the public.
15. Seniors give a banquet for the members of the "M" Association.
18. Seniors begin to count their credits. They have visions of graduation.

22-23. The Miscellaneous Concert.

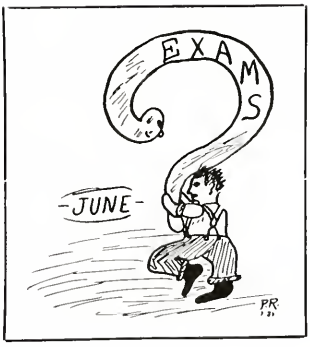
25. Seniors prepare for test. They just must pass.

MAY

2. What a relief! Those tests are over with again.
3. Seniors begin to think that maybe graduation will really come.
4. Physics students begin to rush Lab. work.
6. Senior girls wear their hair down.
9. The Juniors are dreaming of next year, when they will be Seniors.
11. The Senior cast is very busy practicing for the play.
20. The Senior Play presented.
27. The Senior girls look very nice in their middy suits.
30. Seniors decide to study real hard as this is their last week.
31. Review! Review!

JUNE

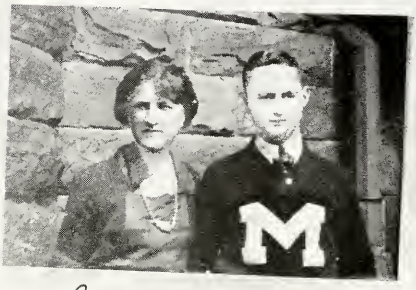
1. More exams. Will we ever live to graduate?
3. The Seniors' last day to attend classes in M. H. S.
5. The Baccalaureate sermon.
6. The Seniors come strolling back to M. H. S. Senior week begins.
7. Many activities have been planned for Senior week.
8. Seniors hold Class Day.
9. Senior Lunch.
10. Commencement. Seniors bid farewell to dear old M. H. S.



Long & Short.

In my

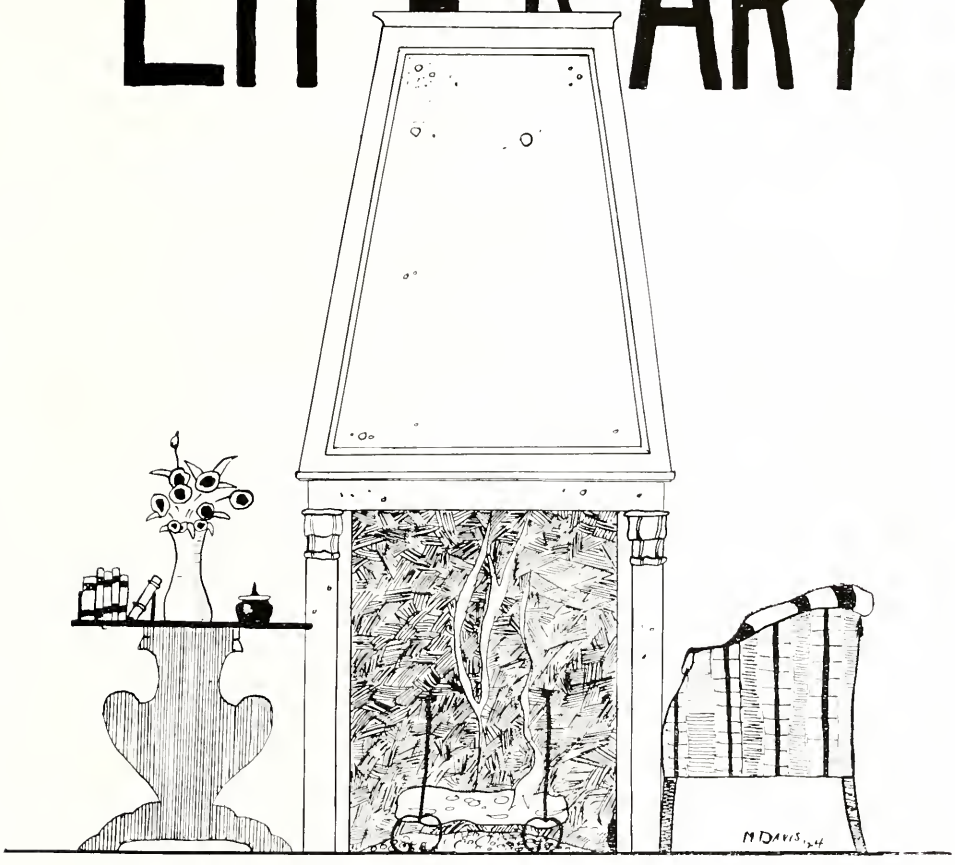
Sisters!

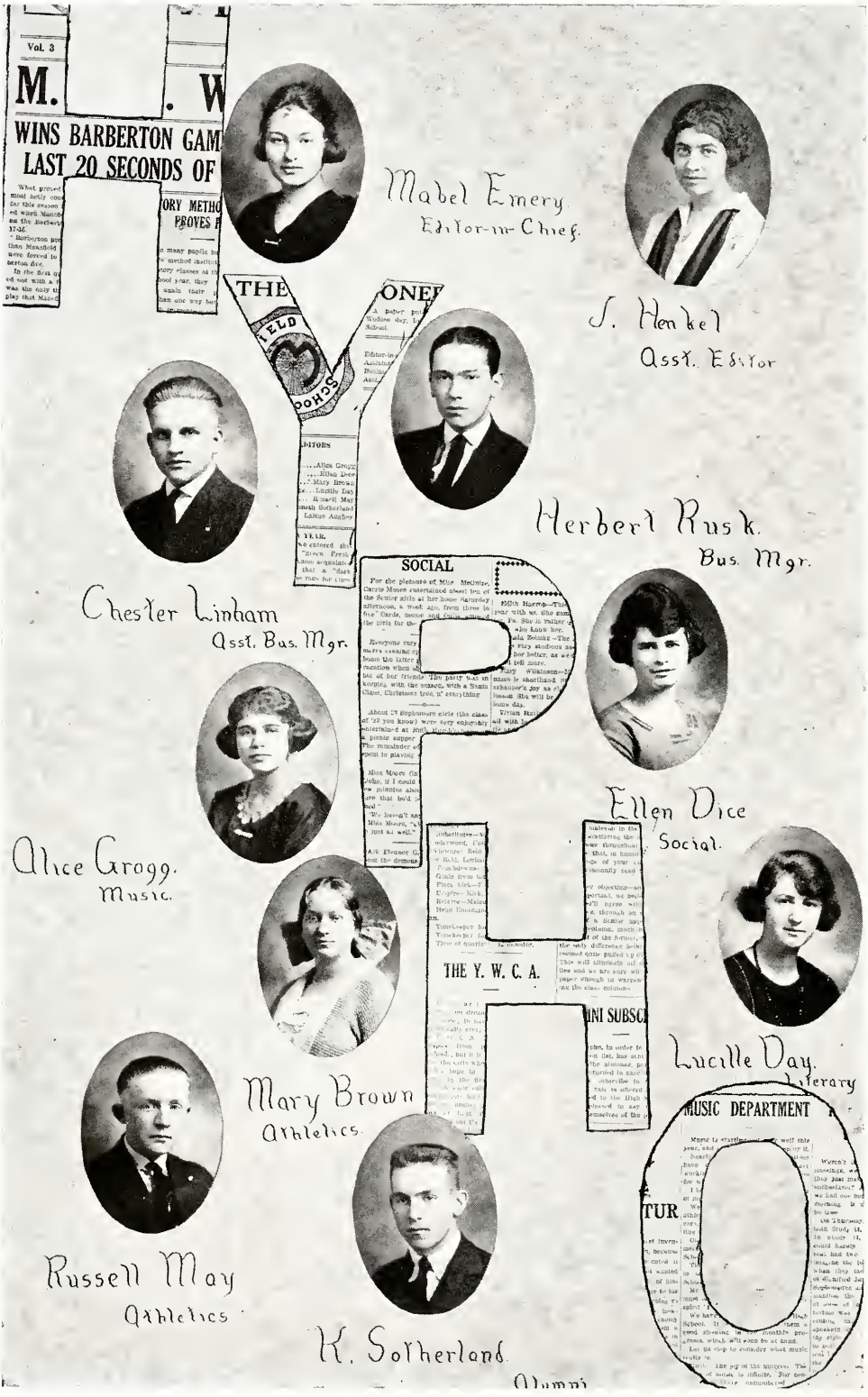


Our heads went walking with our hearts.

Buy One?

LITERARY




Vol. 3
M. . W
WINS BARBERTON GAM
LAST 20 SECONDS OF
ORY METHO
PROVES
Mabel Emery
Editor-in-Chief.
J. Henkel
Asst. Editor
Herbert Rusk.
Bus. Mgr.
Chester Linham
Asst. Bus. Mgr.
SOCIAL
Ellen Dice
Social.
Alice Grogg.
Music.
THE Y. W. C. A.
Lucille Day.
Literary
Mary Brown
Athletics.
MUSIC DEPARTMENT
Russell May
Athletics
K. Sotherland
Alumni

History of the Hypho

The Hypho entered upon the third year of its prosperous course with a girl at the helm, and with the girls on the staff out-numbering the boys two to one. All of which goes to prove that the girls realize they have the franchise.

Probably the most difficult part of the entire year's work was getting the paper started and running smoothly. It was not until after the first one or two issues were published that the paper began to show a well regulated management.

The first issue was simply a supplement to the regular paper. It was, in form, about half the size of the usual paper and was published as a forerunner only, not being included in the subscription numbers.

The Hypho was sold on a subscription basis this year, something a little different from former years. Seventeen issues were counted in the subscription, the price being $1.35 for the entire year, or 10 cents per copy.

Many students, as well as alumni, availed themselves of the opportunity, and showed their loyalty to M. H. S. as well as to the Hypho.

Not long after the paper began to run smoothly and come out at regular intervals of two weeks, appearing on Wednesday, the High School Journalist convention was held at Western Reserve, Cleveland. Mabel Emery, Jeanette Henkle, Herbert Rusk and Chester Linham represented the staff, and were able to gain many beneficial ideas which were, in turn, put into practice in the paper. But the Hypho was proud to say that most of the reforms or remedies which were suggested were already in use by it.

As a result of a contest over the sale of the football issue, one of the numbers was dedicated to the Junior Class. The football issue, containing everything in a separate section relating to the football season, was twice its usual size, and to those who had not subscribed was 15 cents per copy.

A new system, that of giving definite space and assignments to reporters and department editors, was tried out this year with considerable success. Meetings of the staff were held every Monday and Thursday mornings in order that the editor might get copy and assign articles if the need arose. They never lasted long and by keeping the Hypho fresh in the minds of the staff they fulfilled the most important part of their mission.

The basketball season completed, a unique issue of the Hypho appeared, the beautiful color causing much comment.

Thereafter the issues continued to appear regularly until the close of the school year.

The staff wishes to thank the student body for its hearty support and hopes it will give next year's staff the same support.

SENIOR REPORTERS

Robert Ackerman — Christine Engwiler

JUNIOR REPORTERS

Helen Keating — Raymond Winters

SOPHOMORE REPORTERS

Esther Wood — Kenneth Kiplinger

FRESHMAN REPORTERS

Andrew Kozma — Russell Bailey

Mildred Angle

HEAD TYPIST

LaRue Aughey

ANNUAL STAFF

Journal Editor

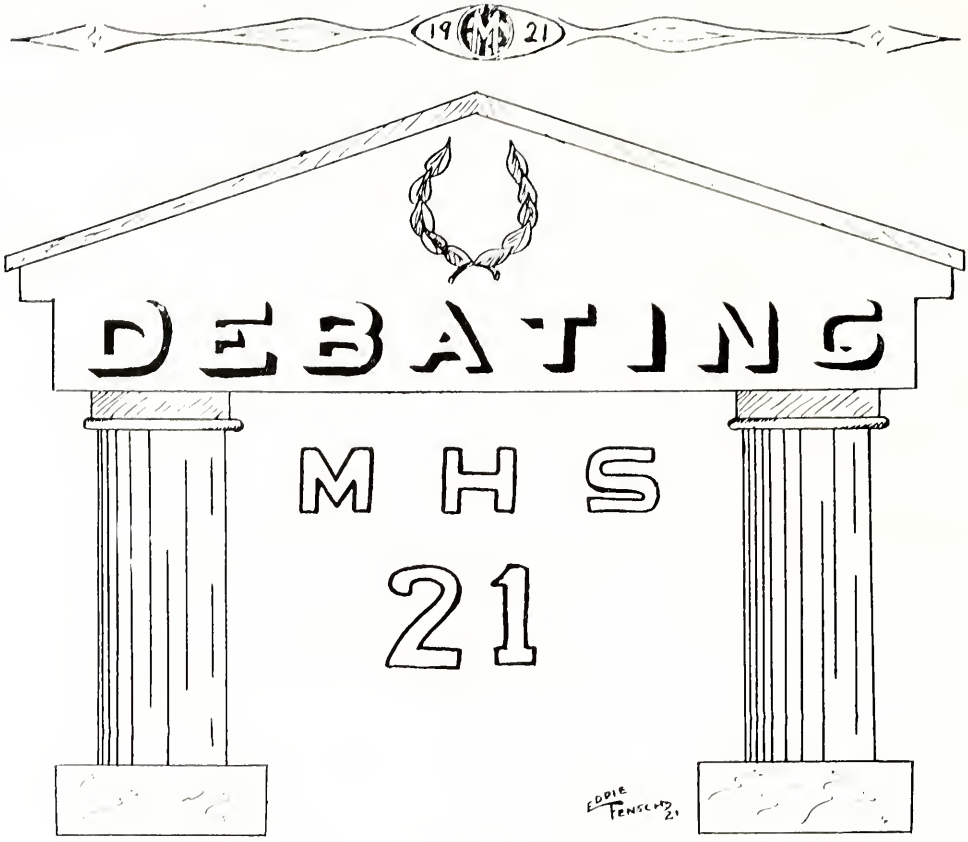
Business Manager

Athletic Editor

Poetry Editor

Ass't Business Manager

Editor-in-Chief



Shortly after the holidays, approximately forty students responded to the call sent out for debaters. Mr. Connell, of the Commercial Department, took charge of the applicants and by competitive speaking all but six of the original forty were eliminated. Two others, exempted from the contests, made up the eight required for the two teams.

These were composed of: Affirmative—Andrew Kozma '24, Frances Culp '22, Eleanor Bradford '23, and James Andrews '23; Negative—Hurst Anderson '22, Elizabeth Taylor '23, Wilma James '23, and Thelma Long '24, the last mentioned on each team being in charge of the rebuttal.

The debate was scheduled for Tuesday, March 23, with the proposition, "Resolved, that employers are justified in insisting upon open shop." The affirmative team stayed here to compete with Ashland, while the negative team journied to Wooster. The results of the debates were: At Mansfield—M. H. S. 3, A. H. S. 0; at Wooster—M. H. S. 0, W. H. S. 3.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

This year a new branch was introduced into the high school curriculum; this was Public Speaking, with Miss Waring in charge. Three classes were formed, two of Juniors and one of Seniors. Each class was engaged one period every week and two periods every other week.

The work given was decidedly thorough, ranging from tonics and sub-tonics up to variety of expression and descriptive gesturing. Credit was given for the works, according to the evidence of preparation displayed by the pupils. It is planned to continue these classes next year and give work of such a nature that the casts for the Junior and Senior plays can be chosen from these classes, who shall have been prepared for such work.

Poems

Little men for Freshmen,
  Little girls galore,
Make a very mighty
  Class of Twenty-four.

Girls with pretty dancing eyes,
  Boys sure full of glee,
Make a very merry
  Class of Twenty-three.

Girls who love to "dress up,"
  Boys who would be true,
Make a happy "loving"
  Class of Twenty-two.

Honor dwells in each heart,
  Love for all good fun,
Strong and true has proven
  The class of Twenty-one.

Classes with hopes and honors,
  Classes with fun and jest,
Fill the dear old building
  And make our M. H. S.!

A little flea walked o'er my book
Of pages white and printing black.
"Alack, would I were he," I thought,
"So innocent of care, alack,
Would I were he, so free from care,
Nothing to do but breath the air."

Show me the one who never threw
  A note across the room
Or hurried just a minute late
  After tardy signals' boom.
Who never day-dreamed during class
  And knew when grade-cards came,
That every study they would pass,
  If not, their teachers blame.

Show me the one who never wrote
  Their own excuse about it,
Mother's forgotten in the coat,
  Too warm and gone without it;
Who never had the ups and down,
  The scrapes they've had together
And I'll show you the very one
  Who has not had the thrills and fun
Of High School "weather."

—E. N.

THE FRESHMAN BRIGADE

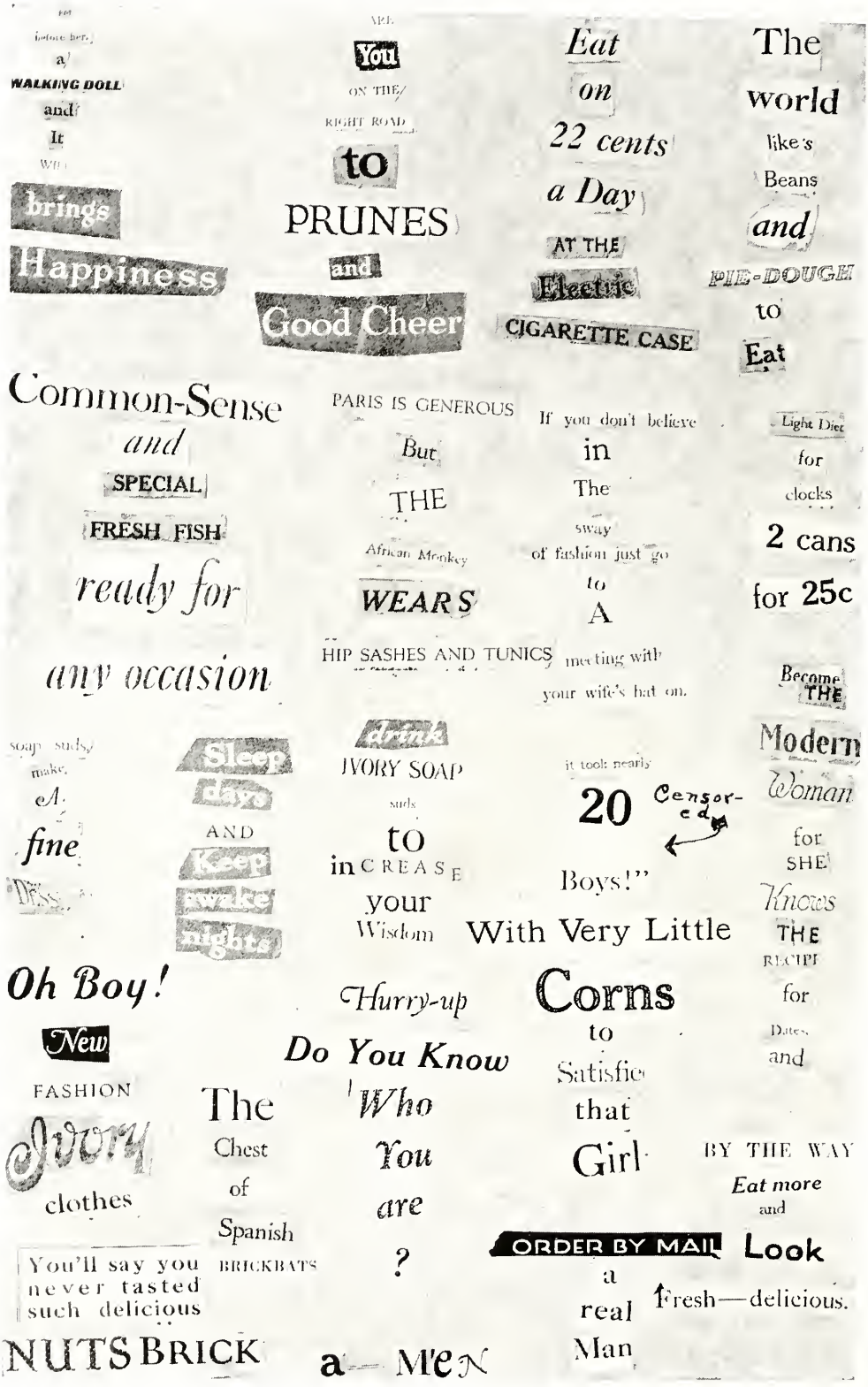
Half a year, half a year,
Half a year onward,
All to the halls of school
Strode the three hundred;
Forward the Freshman Brigade,
Charge for the tests! They said;
Into the rooms of school
Strode the three hundred.

Forward the Freshman Brigade,
Was there a one dismayed
Not tho' the teacher knew
She had not blundered?
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to reason why,
Their's but to do or fail;
Into the halls of school
Strode the three hundred.

Tests to the right of them,
Tests to the left of them,
All would be safe
If they would not blunder.
Some could pass tests, and well,
Others could naught but fail;
Into the halls of learning,
Into the halls of school,
Strode the three hundred.

All of their pencils ready,
All of their hands were steady,
All of the tests they worked,
Nary a pupil shirked.
Took they all of their tests
While all of the Faculty wondered;
Reeled from the grades of the test,
Shattered and sundered,
Tho' they strode back—
Not the three hundred.

Tests to the right of them,
Tests to the left of them,
All would be safe
If they had not blundered;
Some passed their tests and well,
Others did naught but fail.
They that had struggled well
Came from the halls of learning,
Came from the hall of school,—
All that was left of them—
Left of three hundred.

—Milton Spratt, '24

WALKING DOLL
and
It
brings
Happiness
You
ON THE
RIGHT ROAD
to
PRUNES
and
Good Cheer
Eat
on
22 cents
a Day
AT THE
Electric
CIGARETTE CASE
The
world
like's
Beans
and
PIE-DOUGH
to
Eat
Common-Sense
and
SPECIAL
FRESH FISH
ready for
any occasion
PARIS IS GENEROUS
But
THE
African Monkey
WEARS
HIP SASHES AND TUNICS
If you don't believe
in
The
sway
of fashion just go
to
A
meeting with
your wife's hat on.
Light Diet
for
clocks
2 cans
for 25c
Become
THE
Modern
Woman
for
SHE
Knows
THE
RECIPE
for
Dates
and
soap suds
make
A
fine
Sleep
days
AND
Keep
awake
nights
drink
IVORY SOAP
suds
to
inCREASE
your
Wisdom
it took nearly
20
Censored
Boys!"
With Very Little
Oh Boy!
New
FASHION
Ivory
clothes
Hurry-up
Do You Know
Who
You
are
?
Corns
to
Satisfie
that
Girl
The
Chest
of
Spanish
BRICKBATS
BY THE WAY
Eat more
and
Look
Fresh—delicious.
ORDER BY MAIL
a
real
Man
You'll say you
never tasted
such delicious
NUTS BRICK
a— MeN

1920-21

ATHLETIC DEPT

Athletic Association

and

Council

The Athletic Association membership included almost every High School pupil. This was due to the low membership fee, which was only fifty cents, and the Membership Campaign conducted by the Athletic Council. The A. A. was a financial success, but it is regretted that it was impossible to have any A. A. social functions.

The Athletic Council was an active organization this year. Among the important undertakings were the 100% A. A. membership drive, and the deciding upon official "M's" for members of the different teams.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

K. Sotherland	President
Ileta Wirt	Vice President
Helen Keating	Secretary
Robert Harbeson	Treasurer

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

K. Sotherland	President
Ileta Wirt	Vice President
Helen Keating	Secretary
Robert Harbeson	Treasurer
Philip Elliott	Manager
Robert Richardson	Manager
Richard Parsons	Manager
Mr. Foster	Coach
Mr. J. M. Jacobs	Faculty Manager
Miss Mendenhall	Faculty Advisor
Miss Helen Bloor	Faculty Advisor
K. Sotherland	Captain Football Team
Howard Oster	Captain Basketball Team

Mr. Foster

Three years ago Mr. Foster came to Mansfield. Little was known of him except that he was a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and the Illinois School for Athletic Coaches, and that he was a successful athlete at Ohio Wesleyan University. But it was not long before he demonstrated his ability as a coach to the satisfaction of every one. Not only has he developed successful teams, but he has also improved the spirit in M. H. S. It was through his influence that unsportsmanlike conduct towards visiting teams was discontinued. It was at his suggestion that the present athletic system was inaugurated and athletics put on a paying basis. It is very evident that we have Coach Foster to thank, not only for successful and winning teams, but a school spirit of which we may be proud.

YELL - LEADERS

"Herm" Balyeat

C. Hein.

"M" ASSOCIATION

Upper Row, from left to right—Bloor, Elliott, Brune, Padgett, Sotherland, Richardson, Parsons, Cline, Beard and Balyeat.
Lower Row—Knarr, Morrison, Chas. Ford, Underwood, Ford, Neer and Oster.

SPC
M
21

FOOTBALL
Branson

Football

The result of Mansfield's 1920 football season, considering games won and lost, might at first seem very unsatisfactory. But to those who know all the facts, it seems unfair to judge the success of this team on a basis of the number of games won and lost. Mansfield faced one of the hardest schedules in years, playing six games abroad and four at home. Although the majority of players were inexperienced, the team did not lack the two essentials—fight and team spirit.

In the first game of the season M. H. S. met Lorain on her own battlefield. Having the advantage of being heavier and more experienced, Lorain defeated the Red and White, 21-0. Lorain scored three touchdowns in the first fifteen minutes of play, but after that Mansfield "came to" and fought Lorain to a stand still. The following week end M. H. S. played the annual game at Shelby. Shelby started with a rush and scored first by a drop kick from the 25-yard line—and was jubilant. About ten minutes later Shelby was four points behind. The final score was 21-3 in favor of Mansfield.

Mansfield played her first home and league game when she met Delaware a week later. By the strategic use of line bucks and forward passes M. H. S. piled up seventeen points on the visitors. The game was a fight from start to finish, even if the 17-0 score was so much in the local players' favor. The Mt. Vernon game was the greatest blow of the whole season. Score: Mt. Vernon 59, Mansfield 0.

In the second league game, Galion won from Mansfield at Mansfield by a score of 7-0. Galion's score came from an unlucky fumble on the ten-yard line. The teams were evenly matched, the game being fought in Mansfield's territory for the most part. This wrecked Mansfield's hopes for the league championship because Galion had already disposed of Delaware and Bucyrus by comfortable margins, and Marion and Ashland did not loom up as strong contenders.

It was a different team that traveled to Bucyrus the next Saturday. With two regular back field men out of the line-up and two or three new line men in the game, Mansfield was given a 33-6 trimming. Mansfield's count came in the second quarter when a Red and White end picked up the fumble and carried the oval to the five-yard line. A touchdown was made on the first play. Bucyrus was exceptionally strong on off tackle plays.

Tiffin defeated Mansfield by almost the same score as the preceding game, 35-7. The visitors scored the first touchdown on a forward pass in the first few minutes of play. Mansfield then took the ball from their thirty-yard line, seventy yards to Tiffin's goal, a touchdown resulting. From that time, Tiffin's players had everything their own way. Their forward pass attack was too much for the inexperienced Mansfield defensive halves.

On Armistice Day Norwalk defeated Mansfield 20-0, in much the same manner as in 1919. The old play of "hiding" a man on the sidelines and passing a long forward pass to him worked to perfection.

The game scheduled with Marion was cancelled because of the six or eight-inch layer of snow on the field.

Accompanied by about two hundred loyal rooters, the M. H. S. team went to Ashland on Thanksgiving day, determined to win. Evidently the Orange and Black gridiron heroes were equipped with their rabbit's foot, and Wharton, in the first half, went around the end for the first touchdown of the game. Mansfield braced and rushed the ball twice to the Ashland one yard line before the half ended. Ashland thought she had the game, when McClentock picked up a fumbled punt and scored a second touchdown, the score standing 13-0 in favor of Ashland. The last quarter of the game began with small hopes of M. H. S. coming through victoriously. But by line plunges and end runs Mansfield scored twice and kicked both goals, the last touchdown coming in the final two minutes of play, and M. H. S. had won, 14-13.

K. Sutherland
Captain – Center.

H. Suter
L. B.

C. Ford
L. B. + H. B.

O. Morrison
H. B.

R. Kline
F. B. + End.

A. Knarr
H. B.

A. Brune
End

C. Neer
Tackle

V. Underwood
Tackle

Ch. Ford
Guard

Ch. Beard
Guard

K. Padgett
Guard

Delaware

Tiffin

↑ Galion ↓

BASKET-BAWL

Basketball

This year's basketball team established the most unique basketball record in the history of the school. It won more games on foreign floors—winning 10 and losing 2—and lost more games on the home floor—winning 3 and losing 5—than any other Mansfield High quintette. There were no individual stars, the team working as a unit.

Norwalk sprung a surprise on Mansfield in the first game of the season by winning 24-17. The visitors had the advantage of having already played a game. In a fast and fierce game the following Tuesday M. H. S. beat the alumni 32-30. Mansfield's team work had improved much and the basket-shooting was more accurate.

On the three-day training trip the Red and White team was very successful, winning all three games played. Mansfield caught Sandusky out of training and won rather easily, 22-8. Sandusky's passing was excellent in the first quarter, but went to pieces in the following quarter. Fostoria led in the next until the last few minutes of play, but Mansfield won out, 32-27, after a whirlwind finish. Tiffin's light and inexperienced team gave M. H. S. very little opposition, Mansfield winning, 39-17. Tiffin ran up eight points before the Red and White scored any—but then it was Mansfield's turn. Twenty-five points were made while Tiffin was making one.

The next week Mt. Vernon's veteran line-up gave Mansfield the worst drubbing of the season, winning 37-17. The local's floor work was poor.

Mansfield next defeated Akron South 21-16. In the last quarter Mansfield was contented to pass the ball around in the Akron end of the floor and, as Akron had resorted to a five-man defense, the end of the game was actually comical.

The following night Barberton was turned back, 17-15. Barberton's inexperienced line-up was "doped" to give but little opposition to their opponents, but they led until the last two minutes of play, when Mansfield tied the score and then made the winning basket. Mansfield's winning streak on foreign floors was not broken when they met Delaware the following week in the first league game of the season—M. H. S. winning 30-17 after a rather slow game.

Mansfield's old rivals—Ashland—playing over their heads, won from the Red and White on Mansfield's floor, 26-23. Mansfield's floor work was good, but their inability to connect with the basket was the outstanding fault. The local's losing streak on their home floor was broken when they defeated the strong Bucyrus quintette the next week in the third league game, 31-28. Mansfield had a comfortable lead of twelve points until the last few minutes of the game, when Bucyrus began to connect with the basket on long shots. Marion was turned back 37-20 the next week in a fast game. Mansfield's team work was excellent and their ability to shoot baskets seemed almost uncanny.

Mansfield secured ample revenge when they met Ashland at Ashland the next week-end and beat them 32-24 in a fast and hard fought game. Mansfield piled up an eight point lead in the first half, which they maintained throughout the second period.

The Red and White's showing in the State Tournament at Delaware was very satisfactory, the team winning three of the four games played. They won easily from Middleburg in the first game, 34-6. In the second game Massillon's strong five was turned back 27-21 after the teams had made basket for basket until three minutes before the final whistle. Fostoria was unable to check Mansfield's basket throwing and was defeated 31-12. Toledo Scott's heavy team and five man defense was too much for Mansfield, Mansfield losing 15-8.

Gallion shattered Mansfield's hopes for the championship when Mansfield was defeated at Galion 21-15.

Sandusky afforded the surprise of the season by defeating M. H. S. 26-12 the following week. It seemed almost impossible for the Lake City five to miss the basket. In their last game of the season Mansfield's crippled quintette put up a desperate battle against Lorain, but lost 33-19.

Summary of 1921 Games

December	17—Norwalk	24	M. H. S.—17
December	21—Alumni	30	M. H. S.—32
xDecember	30—Sandusky	8	M. H. S.—22
xDecember	31—Fostoria	27	M. H. S.—32
xJanuary	1—Tiffin	17	M. H. S.—39
January	7—Mt. Vernon	37	M. H. S.—17
xJanuary	14—Akron S.	16	M. H. S.—21
xJanuary	15—Barberton	15	M. H. S.—17
*xJanuary	21—Delaware	17	M. H. S.—30
*January	28—Ashland	26	M. H. S.—23
*February	4—Bucyrus	28	M. H. S.—31
*February	11—Marion	20	M. H. S.—37
*February	18—Ashland	24	M. H. S.—32
†February	25—Middleburg	6	M. H. S.—34
†February	25—Massillon	21	M. H. S.—27
†February	26—Fostoria	12	M. H. S.—31
†February	26—Toledo Scott	15	M. H. S.— 8
*xMarch	4—Galion	21	M. H. S.—15
March	11—Sandusky	26	M. H. S.—12
March	18—Lorain	33	M. H. S.—19

xAbroad
†Tournament games
*League games

HOWARD OSTER

Oster usually contributed a wild basket or two to the score. He played both floor guard and back guard, his dribbling making him especially good as a floor guard. "Os" will be among the missing as far as M. H. S. athletics are concerned next year. Age 19, height 5:9, weight 150.

CURTIS FORD

When one saw a ball go arching up toward the ceiling and go through the basket, they usually guessed right, when they said, "Ford threw that." Curt played both forward and guard and did equally well at both positions. He is another player who will not be back next year. Age 18, height 5:9, weight 163.

RUSSELL CLINE

Cline's playing at center this year was a revelation. He developed into one of the best "follow" shots in the state and fit very well into the back-forward position of the Illinois game. Mr. Foster will not have to worry over the job of filling the center position next year as "Rup" will be on deck when the call for basketeers is issued. Age 17, height 5:10½, weight 160.

STEWART KNARR

Despite his size, Stew had the unhappy faculty of acquiring personal fouls. His defensive work was especially good and he constantly kept his opposing guard on the watch for his accurate long shots. He is a fighter from the start to the finish and his team spirit is excellent. Age 17, height 5:8½, weight 135.

HAROLD UNDERWOOD

"Frappe" is an excellent shot and his height made him a good center. Whenever "Beechnut" went into a game the team work did not suffer. Underwood will be very much missed next year. Age 18, height 6:1½, weight 175.

WILLIAM BLOOR

Bill made up for his lack of weight by fighting hard, squirming and twisting away from heavier opponents. He follows shots almost as well as Cline but lacks the height to get the ball as high in the air. Although a trifle weak on defense, his offense won him much praise. Bloor will be ready next year to play on a league championship team. Age 16, height 5:8, weight 130.

HUGH MORRISON

When Coach Foster told this forward to "get" a center—that center was "got." Skelly's ability to "dig" up a ball and to "feed" to players breaking for the basket made him a valuable member of the team. Morrison has played his last game for old M. H. S. Age 19, height 5:8½, weight 140.

KENNETH SOTHERLAND

"Kenny" held down the position of back guard. His long suit was his ability to get the ball from the enemy's bank and pass it to the right man. Sotherland will not be with us next year. M. H. S. regrets the passing of the "last of the Sotherlands." Age 18, height 5:11, weight 160.

BASKETBALL SQUAD

Upper Row, from left to right—Roth, Guthrie, Snyder, C. Ford, Eller, Ferguson, Bruce, Gibson.
Lower Row—Underwood, Sotherland, Morrison, Oster, Knarr, Cline, Ford, Bloor.

Managers

The new system of managing introduced this year has proven very satisfactory.

Instead of a manager for each sport, three students were elected to manage all the sports. At the same time three assistants, who will be the managers next year, were chosen by the student body. This entire group was placed under the management of Mr. Jacobs, Faculty Manager of Athletics.

Their duties included taking charge of ticket sales, the maintenance of athletic equipment such as tackling dummy and pit, charging sled, the fence around the football field, and football and basketball bleachers. They are also to keep the locker room in good condition.

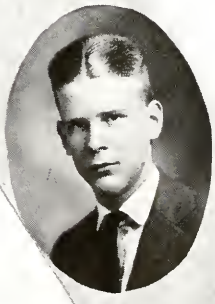
The managers, being very anxious that the assistants learn their duties thoroughly, kindly permitted them to do most of the work. But the latter have this consolation — they can make some one else do the work next year.

PHILIP ELLIOTT

Phil's favorite pastime was digging post-holes and lining the football field.

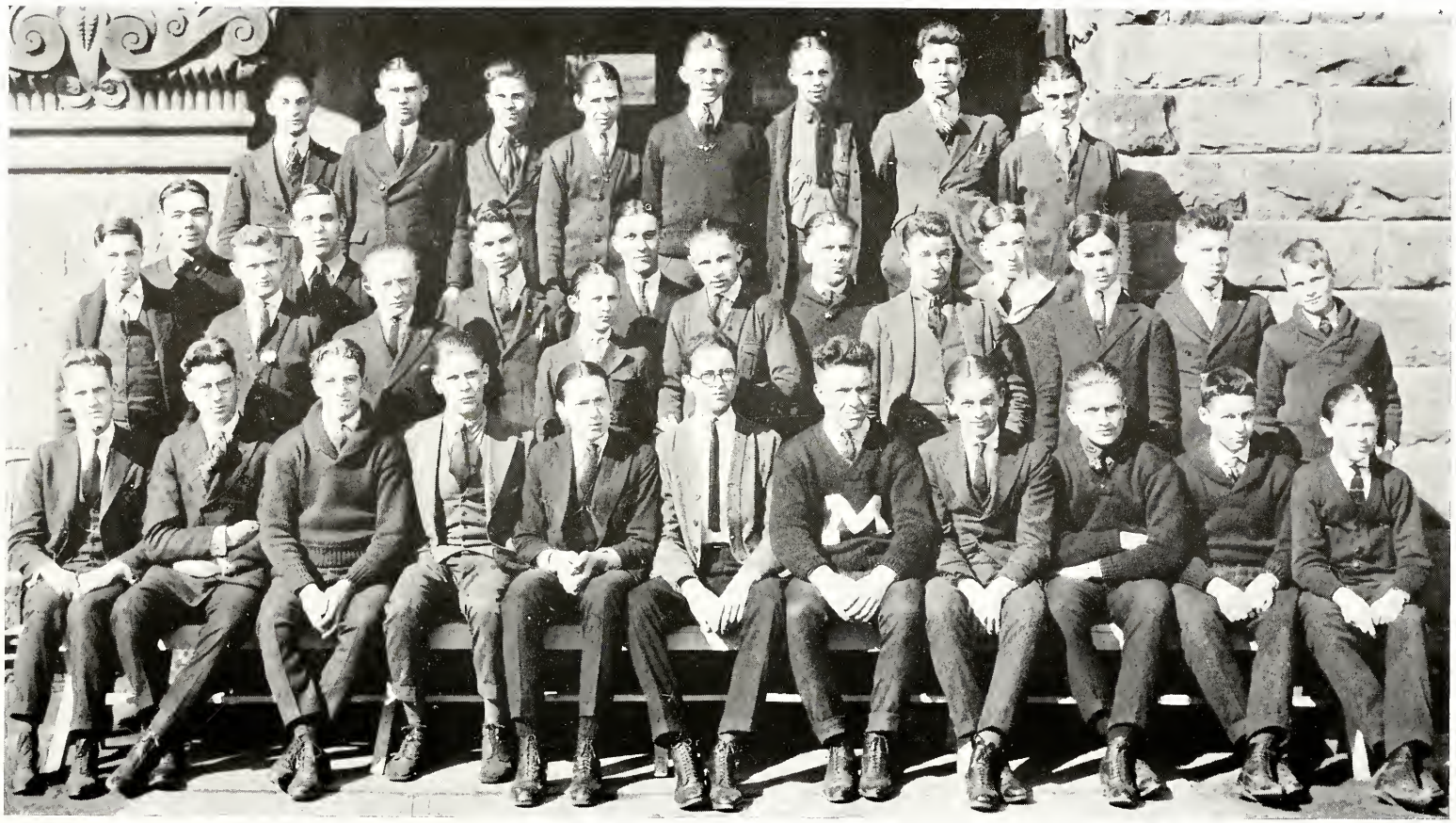
PAT RICHARDSON

Pat was almost hung on the releasing attachment one night, in place of the tackling dummy. So much resemblance, don't y' know?



RICHARD PARSONS

Well, we know Parsons was a manager because he wears a manager's letter, but he managed—like the rest of the managers—to make the assistant managers manage.



HI-Y

GIRLS
ATHLETICS
RBM
'22

The Blue Triangle Club

We had joined the Y. W. C. A. and were all on tiptoe watching for something more to happen when along came Miss Chappell and asked us with that friendly smile of hers how we would like to have a high school Y. W. C. A. Club. It wasn't to take in just a few select girls, but every high school girl who was a member of the Y. W. C. A. and liked a wholesome good time with lots of friends, and who wanted to learn more about helping other people.

Did we? What a question! Everybody likes good times, no one ever has too many friends and we all like the feeling of that glow inside of us when we think we are helping someone else.

Several girls from each class were chosen to meet Miss Finney, field secretary, and learn more about organizing and the things girl reserves do in other cities and countries. The enthusiasm grew! We were going to have a wonderful time!

Finally the temporary officers were appointed and we met for permanent organization on the 30th of December.

When the constitution was presented for consideration everybody made known exactly what she thought on every question which arose. The time of meeting was an especially debatable question, but at last the decision was reached to have it the first and third Thursdays of every month. Finally it was adopted and 103 girls signed their names as charter members.

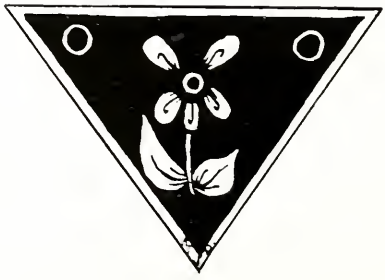
In the middle of the meeting a loud grating sound was heard on the stairs. Those nearest the railing could not refrain from peeping over. A wild whoop of delight!

A piano!

Of course we absolutely had to try it before we could go on with the meeting and even before the piano stool could be brought up everybody was singing "Play the Game for Mansfield" at the top of her voice.

Eventually, however, we got down to business again. Officers were elected, but the committees had yet to be appointed before hinted plans could be definitely worked out.

There was no scarcity of plans. Every one could think up things that would be nice to do, such as raising money for a victrola, games and books, and some one knew how to make a cushion that would look just wonderful on such and such a chair. We could think of a hundred lovely places to hike to and all sorts of good times, and everybody was mighty, mighty glad she had joined the Blue Triangle Club of the Girl Reserves.



BLUE TRIANGLE CLUB

"Lucile"

"Fix 'em up."

SOCIETY

Society Events

SENIOR "KID" PARTY

"Backward, turn backward, oh, time in thy flight," were the words which greeted us on our entrance to the High School on the night of October 27.

Girls with short, ruffled dresses and curly locks, boys with short trousers and windsor ties, carried us back to the days of our childhood. We were led to the fountain of youth, where we were made still younger. Then up to the auditorium, where we found the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe and other Mother Goose friends and, oh—Mr. Leedy spoke his little piece so nicely! When the improvised jazz band began to play we could hardly keep our wigglesome feet from skipping. Animal crackers, lolly-pops and ice cream cones appeased our childish appetites. At an early hour, as befitted children, we departed.

FRESHMAN "GROWN UP" PARTY

The "grown up" party, given by the Freshmen on December the sixteenth was a decided contrast to the Senior "Kid" party. They were very dignified at first but as the evening wore on they forgot to be formal and had a rollicking good time. There was a pie-eating contest, and a relay race, and the boxing bout in which "Ernie" Geiger met Chester Frickman was hailed with great glee. A few readings, vocal and instrumental selections, and a four-character play was presented. The refreshments carried out the color scheme of red and white.

JUNIOR "FARMER-MILKMAID" PICNIC

"Twenty-two" held their annual party in the form of a "Farmer-Milkmaid" picnic supper early in December.

The young Hicks and Hickesses had a glorious time. They danced the Virginia reel (led by the faculty), and a particularly good part of the program was a play, "The Burglar," put on by five of the Junior girls. The "Order of the Black Bands" was the clever way of initiating the class officers. Several solos, violin and piano, and a reading were much enjoyed by the rustic guests. The supper was served cafeteria style so every one got enough to eat, as the well known proverb says, "The Lord helps those who help themselves." Every one went home with the feeling that they wouldn't mind being real farmers and milkmaids if they could always have such good times.

Society Events (Continued)

SOPHOMORE PARTY

One of the most interesting events of February was the Sophomore party. Although it was the last of the class parties it certainly was not the least. The first part was a carnival with fortune-tellers, balloon men, hawkers and everything one would expect. There were even side shows prepared by each of the report rooms. The next part was in honor of St. Valentine, and several interesting valentines were impersonated on the stage. A Queen of Hearts, after reading the verses aloud for the benefit of the audience, gave each member of the faculty a valentine. Readings and musical numbers displayed a great deal of talent in the class. Last of all was a really-truly magician, who simply entranced every one with his unfathomable tricks.

SENIOR BANQUET

None of the Seniors are likely ever to forget their banquet which was held Tuesday night, February 22.

The tables, in the form of a Maltese Cross, were lovely in the soft glow of gold colored candles. Jonquils of the same lovely hue in crystal baskets tied with purple tulle carried out the class colors.

Our president, Robert Ackerman, acting as toastmaster, introduced at various times during the evening the following classmates, who responded admirably with clever and enjoyable toasts: Herman Balyeat, "The Past;" Edith McLean, "The Present;" Ileta Wert, "The Future;" Donald Borchard, "Our Girls;" Lucille McClellan, "Our Boys;" Emily Nolan, "Our Music;" Paul Ritchie, "Our Athletics;" Helen McCready, "Our Faculty," and Curtis Ford, "George Washington."

Another enjoyable feature of the evening was the first appearance of our class quartette, and the singing of our new class song.

Without the usual hilarity that marked the other social functions, this was one of those quiet good times which drew the members of the class closer together and the memory of which will always bring a glow to our hearts.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

The Junior-Senior Reception was given on April eighth, when the Juniors paid their annual tribute to the Seniors. The halls were arranged to represent Japanese gardens. Arbors, at either end of the hall, covered with purple wisteria and large bowls of yellow chrysanthemums, placed in nooks about the halls, cleverly featured the

Society Events *(Concluded)*

colors of both classes. A profusion of cherry blossoms assisted in producing the Japanese effect. Japanese lanterns covered the lights and cast a mellow light over the scene. "Green Stockings" was the play chosen to entertain the Seniors and was very well presented. The whole affair was as successful as only the Juniors know how to make anything they attempt a success.

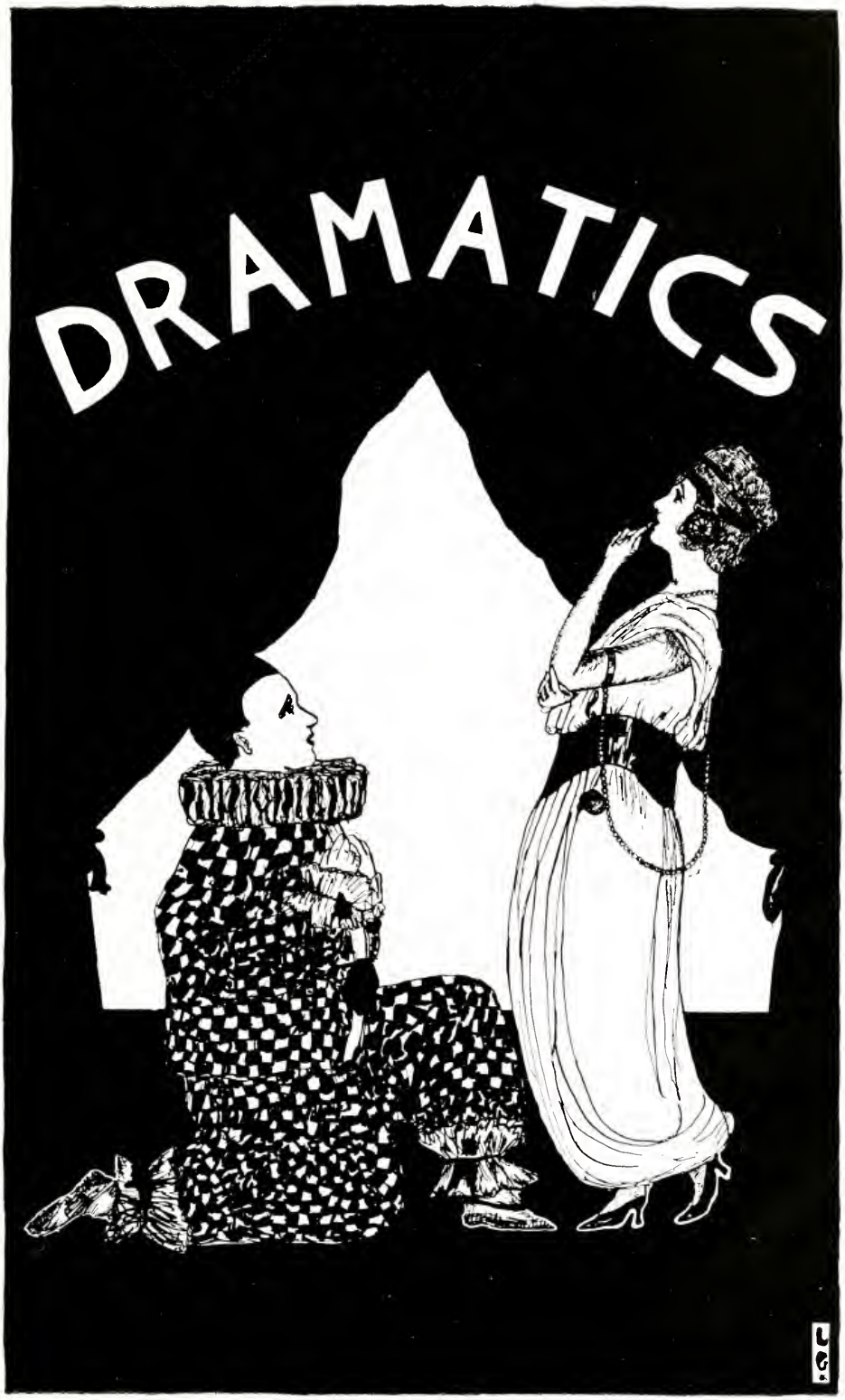
"M" ASSOCIATION BANQUET

Something new along social lines this year was the "M" Association Banquet, given to the members of the "M" Association, coach and faculty manager by the Senior Class.

The event transpired on Friday evening, April fifteenth, at six-thirty o'clock in a private dining room at the Vonhof Hotel. Eighteen guests were in attendance and all enjoyed themselves to the utmost, especially during the dinner, which fulfilled all the requirements of being a sure-enough banquet.

It is hoped that hereafter this affair will be a yearly event on the social calendar of M. H. S. with the succeeding Senior classes acting as hosts.

The Senior Lawn Picnic is scheduled for the latter part of May. This is one of the last social events planned.


DRAMATICS

Junior Play

"GREEN STOCKINGS"

Admiral Grice	Everett Crile
William Faraday	George Leistensnider
Colonel Smith	Harold Bruce
Robert Tarver	Karl Fritz
Henry Steele	Charles Young
James Raleigh	Wilbur Remy
Martin	Edward Watkins
Madge (Mrs. Rockingham)	Mildred McCally
Evelyn (Lady Trenchard)	Mabel Miller
Celia Faraday	Margaret LeBerth
Phyllis Faraday	Barbara Smythe
Mrs. Chisolm Faraday	Helen Keating

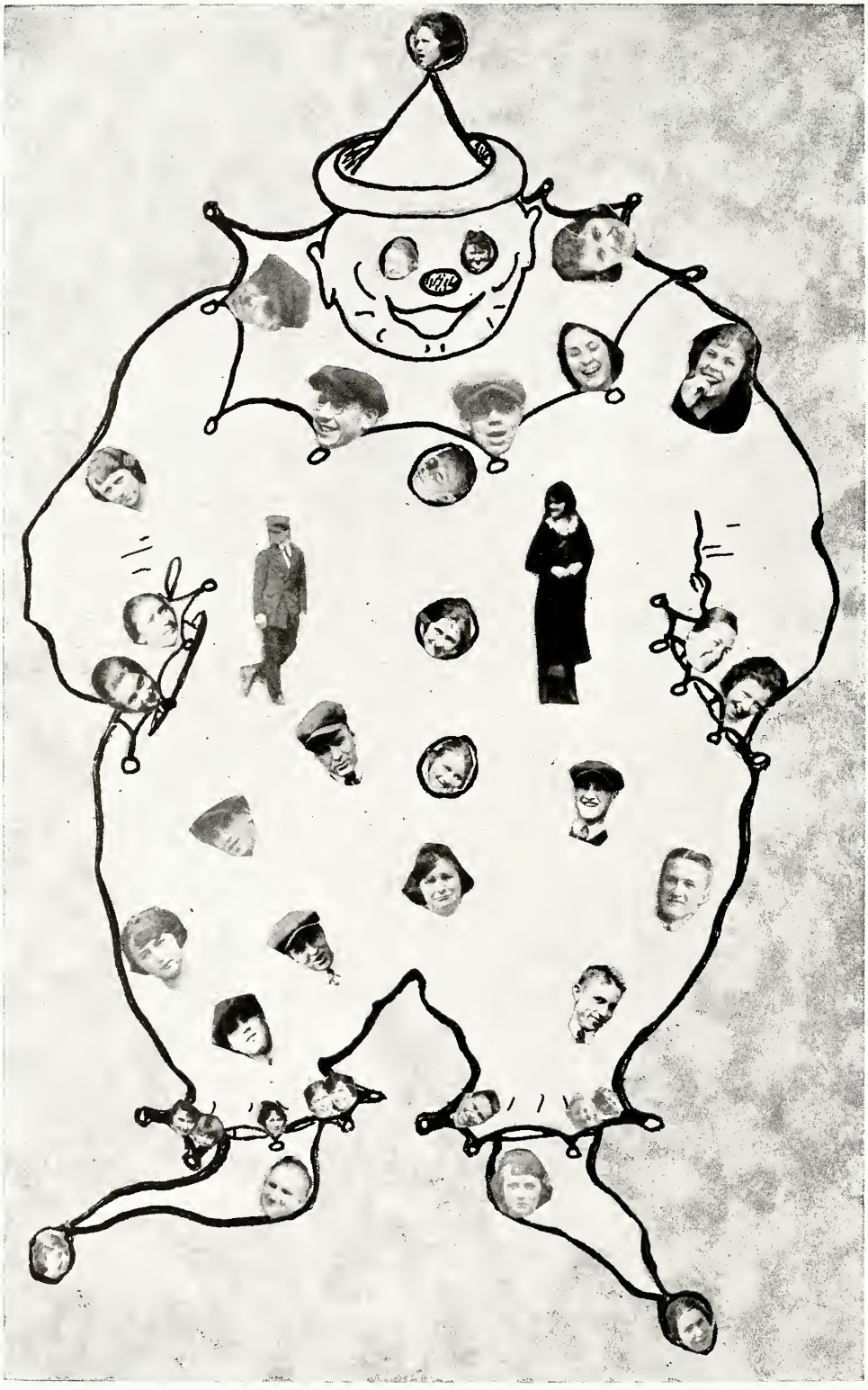
The play, "Green Stockings" by E. W. Mason, is based upon the old English custom that an unmarried elder sister must wear green stockings at the marriage of a younger sister. Mr. Faraday has four daughters, two already married, and when the youngest daughter announces her engagement, Celia, the eldest daughter, produces an imaginary lover. This deceit causes interesting complications.

Senior Play

"BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"

George MacFarland	Robert Ackerman
Thornton Brown	Herman Balyeat
Arthur Sole	Rufus Tracy
William	Charles Crouch
"Buck" Kamman	Herbert Schettler
"Wrenn"	Edwin Palm
"Simp" Kalloway	Richard Reinhart
Dolly Kamman	Ileta Wert
Martha	Lucille Booze
Violet	Dorothy Carroll

The play, "Believe Me, Xantippe," by Frederick Ballard, follows the adventures of a would-be fugitive from justice as he roams from New York City to Colorado. His capture by the sheriff's daughter and his consequent love for her bring the play to a lively climax.



MUSIC

Executive Committee
M. H. S.
Music Club.

Alice Grogg Sec.
Paul Sarbry
Neta Werl
Howard Rusk.
Thelma Long
Norma Rosen

Helen Schroer, Pres. H. Anderson, Tres.

Supervisor of Music.
R. A. Chubb.

M. H. S. Music Club Notes

A new organization has been introduced into the Music Department of the High School—The High School Musical Club, composed of all students taking music who paid the required membership fee of ten cents. The Executive Committee was also something new. It was composed of eight members, six of whom were elected by the students and two appointed by Mr. Chubb. The committee has aided Mr. Chubb greatly by arranging for various concerts of the year. Different members of the club were sent by the club to various concerts as critics, whose reports were given at a later music period. A plan of having a concert each month, either local or outside talent, at the regular music period, was suggested by Mr. Chubb and arrangements made by the Executive Committee.

OCTOBER

October 27—Recital given by Mrs. Daisy Beckett Middleton, soprano, and Eva Miller, pianist.

NOVEMBER

November 24—Recital given by Leo Kuchinski, violinist, and Irma Hallgreen, pianist, from Lorain, Ohio. Program for all High School students and public in the evening by the two students from Lorain, assisted by Odessa Dubinsky, of Mt. Vernon.

DECEMBER

December 17—Miscellaneous Christmas program—M. H. S. talent. Singing of several Christmas carols. Alice Grogg, vocal solo; Herbert Schettler and Thelma Black, violin duet; Mary Brown, piano solo; quartette, Paul Sarbry, Thelma Shubb, Beatrice Fraley, Clarence Wolfarth.

JANUARY

January 31—Program by H. S. talent. Mandolin Club, several selections; Girls' Glee Club, two short numbers; vocal solo, Clarence Wolfarth; piano solo, Naomi Wigton.

MARCH

March 25—Recital given by Galion High School student, Theodore Poister, pianist, assisted by Naomi Lutz, one of our own students.

APRIL

Exchange program with Mt. Vernon High School.

MAY

On account of the copy for the Annual having to be in before May, it was impossible to get a write-up in the Annual for the May Concert.

MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAMS FURNISHED BY MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

January 20—Ileta Wert, reading; Helen Schroer, piano solo, at Prospect P. T. Meeting.

March 11—Girls' Trio, twenty-minute program at West First P. T. Meeting.

March 21—Clarence Wolfarth and Helen Schroer, program at Prospect P. T. Meeting.

March 29—Girls' Trio and Gertrude Herbrand (reading), short program at Newman School.

Music Notes

Mr. Chubb has devoted practically his entire time to the music of the High School this year, and due to his efforts, has made our music rank with other school activities in importance.

Owing to the large number of students taking music this year, it was found necessary to divide the class into two sections "A" and "B." The former section meeting on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, and the latter section on Monday and Wednesday mornings. The cantata, "Rose Maiden," which was rendered at the May Festival, May 6th, was the course of study for the "A" section class.

A Normal School Course in Public School Music and Industrial Art was organized by Mr. Chubb and Miss Brandon for the purpose of training those Seniors who expect to become teachers next year. Seven girls enrolled.

ANNUAL MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

The Miscellaneous Concert and Student Recital were combined into two evening concerts, given April 21 and 22, in the Auditorium.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB CONCERTS

January 21—Concert in M. H. S.
February 10—Concert at Newman School.
February 28—Concert at South Main Evangelical Church, benefit Hedges School.
April 13—Concert at M. H. S., benefit West First School.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra was divided into two sections, giving the advanced pupils a better chance to show their training. The beginners have made rapid progress, but have not had an opportunity to play in public; the advanced orchestra has proved to be the best in several years, and is considered by Mr. Chubb to be the best since he has been here.

PIANO DEPARTMENT

The piano department consists of the accompanists for all the various music organizations, and the soloists given special recognition by the Music Club. The following persons play for the music classes:

Selby Houston, Isabelle Hagelbarger ..... "A" Section
Naomi Wigton, Norma Rosen, John Zellner ..... "B" Section
Helen Schroer ..... Girls' Glee Club and Trio
Paul Sarbry ..... First Orchestra
Naomi Wigton ..... Second Orchestra
John Zellner ..... Boys' Glee Club
Olive Burger, Mary Brown, Ruth Rowlands and Louise Garber ..... Soloists

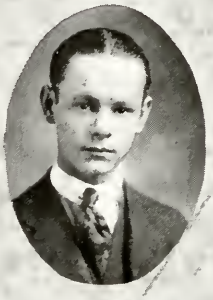
MAY FESTIVAL

The May Festival took place Friday, May 6th, 8 P. M. at the Congregational church, the High School Chorus of 300 voices rendering the Cantata, "The Rose Maiden," by Cowen. Soloists, Miss Lulu Brown, soprano; Mrs. Bonar, contralto; Mr. Fred Wilson, tenor; Mr. John Owen, baritone. Accompanists, Isabelle Hagelbarger, Helen Schroer, Selby Houston.

PIANO DEPARTMENT

I. Hagelberger.

Paul Sarbry.



S. Houston.

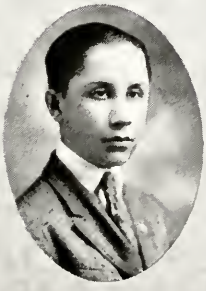
O. Burger.

H. Schroer.

B. Fraley.

N. Wigton.

M. Brown.



J. Zellner.

N. Rosen.

R. Rowlands.

Girls' Glee Club

Top Row, left to right—Blanche Leary, Helen Schroer, Beatrice Fraley, Mary Lee, Mary Harbaugh, Helen Moore, Ruth Rowland, Helen Sommers, Florence Lorimer, Virginia West, Dorothy Evans, Mildred DeWitt.

Fourth Row, left to right—Margaret Groscost, Thelma Long, Vallie Cramer, Barbara Smythe, Mary Benson, Dona Cline, Olive Burger, Mildred Miller, Elizabeth Witters, Louise Booth, Sarah Bishop, Thelma Black, Henrietta Hafley.

Third Row, left to right—Ethyl Johns, Thelma Shupp, Bertha Seybold, LaRue Aughey, Mary Flowers, Gertrude Herbrande, Marjorie Rudolph, Lucille Ruley, Jennette Henkel.

Second Row, left to right—Mildred Jones, Gladys McFadden, Josephine Fernyak, Ruth Harding, Mary Troll, Katherine Terman, Mildred Newlon, Isabelle Hagelbarger, Naomi Banks.

Lower Row, left to right—Alice Grogg, Helen Smith, Irene Hipp, Wilma James, Martha Ropp, Lucille Gerhart.

This year the Girls' Glee Club has reached its height, and we have just cause to be proud of them. They have been faithfully rehearsing twice a week throughout the year and have taken part in several programs, as well as having given five concerts. Wherever they have sang they have been a success and we can justly say they have always been loyal to old M. H. S.

Boys' Glee Club

Top Row, left to right—John Zellner, Richard Chase, Chester Linham, Joe Kairns, Marvin Grabler, Roscoe Sullivan, Selby Houston, Howard Guy, Herman Balyeat.

Lower Row, left to right—Myron Burneson, Clarence Wolfarth, Herbert Rusk, Herbert Schettler, Paul Sarbry, Ross Greider, Robert Ackerman.

This year the material in the Boys' Glee Club was at its best. The organization was delayed because it was impossible to find time for rehearsals. Their first appearance was at the Miscellaneous Concert and their part on the program was very favorably received.

Their second program was given with the Girls' Glee Club in a miscellaneous program, closing with the cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Anderton.

First Orchestra

Upper Row, left to right—Ronald Henderson, Wilmot Peirce, Paul Sarbry, Prof. Chubb, Herbert Schettler, Russell Laird, Robert Cramer.

Middle Row—Albert Hachten, Katherine Matz, Geraldine Hoover, Mary Troll, Thelma Black.

Lower Row—Herbert Slough, Carlos Brewer, Edwin Palm, LeRoy Henderson.

The orchestra of 1920-21 has achieved greater results than any we have had for several years—we are proud of them.

Girls' Trio

Naomi Lutz, Thelma Black, Thelma Shupp.

The Girls' Trio was organized as a part of the Girls' Glee Club and always received much applause whenever they appeared in public.

Second Orchestra

Upper Row, left to right—Stanley West, Earl Heineking, Everett Walters, Edwin Palm, LeRoy Henderson, Allen Ports.

Lower Row—Paul Todd, Gladys Brubaker, Geraldine Hoover, Mary Troll, Alverda Weigand, Naomi Wigton.

These are the bright and shining lights of the Second Orchestra—the First Orchestra of Tomorrow.

Senior Quartette

Paul Sarbry, Alice Grogg, Beatrice Fraley, Clarence Wolfarth.

The Senior Quartette appeared on very few occasions, but when they did appear they were worth hearing.

Mandolin Club

Upper Row, left to right—Prof. Smart, Wilmot Peirce, Russell Terman, Kenneth Long, Harold Eller, Dale Oswalt, Wayne Hursh, Robert Nail.

Middle Row—Robert Cunningham, Ethel Hammaker, Mary Reed, Lucille Rantz, Naomi Wigton, Fern Pittenger, Lucille Ruley, Lois Wolfe, Raymond Winters.

Lower Row—Paul Anderson, Philmore Bein, Ralph Staiger, Claire Kyler, Huber Lantz.

This year the Mandolin Club, under the direction of Mr. Smart, did remarkably good work. Much credit is due the director for his fine leadership. The club assisted at various programs of the year and their numbers were always greatly enjoyed. They were at their best on the first evening of the Miscellaneous Concert, April 21st, playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and the "National Emblem March," by Sousa, and "A Day in the Cotton Fields," by Zublick.

They proved to us on the night of this concert that M. H. S. Mandolin Club is worthy of recognition and that a permanent organization of this kind can be a strong factor in the musical activities of the school.

Inseparables

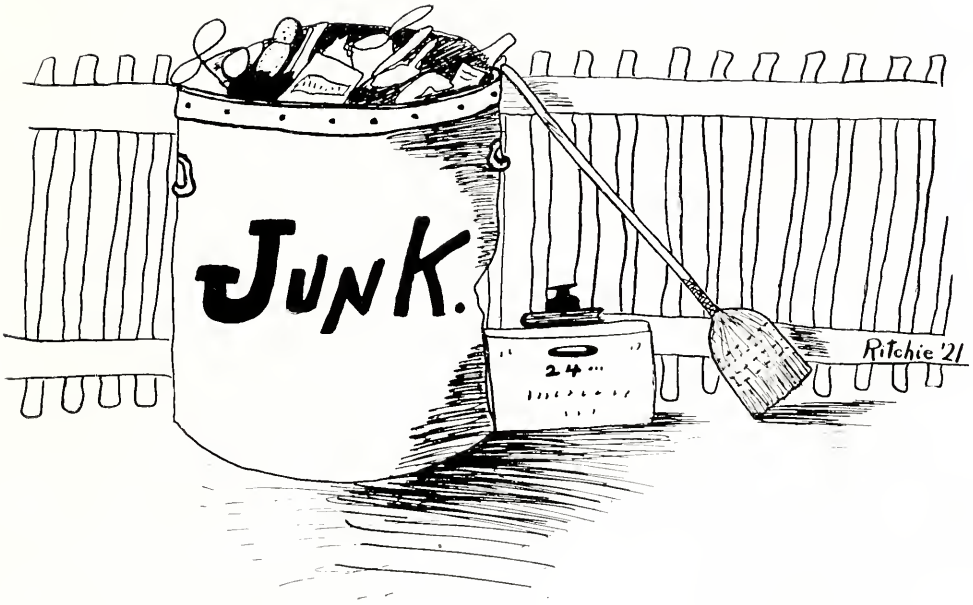
"Peg" Ackerman

"Lid" Aughey.

"Police!"

"Police!"

"Look me over—".



When you read these pages o'er
And find many jokes you've read before,
Just laugh—and say no more.

Paul Sarbry—"What is the difference between a lover and a rejected lover?"
Kenneth Long—"Why, a rejected lover missed the kisses and the lover kisses the Mrs."

Woots—"How did I sing it, Mr. Chubb?"
Mr. Chubb—"Two rooms, just enough for two."
Woots—"I don't get you."
Mr. Chubb—"In other words, just a little flat."

There was a boy called Everett,
For Gerry he fell very hard,
He spent all his cash;
Now wasn't that rash?
And 'tis said that his life is quite marred.

John C.—"Are you cold?"
Helen Sommers—"No, just my hands."
John—"Shall I walk off to the side of the pavement so you can swing your hands?"

Marg. F.—"Why did they take Stew out of the game?"
Bus. Cline—"For holding."
Marg.—"Oh, isn't that just like Stew?"

TO the young man or woman who has an education and a store of real energy, the Westinghouse Electric Products Company offers exceptional opportunities.

Weather Aftercast
Probable Rain Yesterday

THE BONEYARD

Published Now and Then for the Benefit of Everybody.

Price
Flowers for the Editor

VOLUME II. MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1923 NUMBER 23

SOCIETY SHOCKED BY RECENT ELOPEMENT!

Jacob Komito, scion of one of the wealthiest families in the east, has eloped with a Kentucky mountain girl. The young heir fell in love while on a searching expedition in the Kentucky mountains two years ago. The parents of the young man thought the romance had been broken up, but on March 16 he was caught in the act of packing his trunk. The frantic mother inquired where her wandering boy was going. Young Jake replied, "I am going back to my Kentucky Sal, because I love her Still!" Despite the tears and pleas of his mother, the young man departed and married the girl of his heart. The couple will make their home at the residence of the bride's father.

TRAGIC ACCIDENT! TEN LIVES LOST

Six ants and four fish-worms met their untimely death while pursuing their unsuspecting way across the walk in front of the school building. A huge avalanche fell upon them, crushing out their innocent young lives. Experts say it was the largest avalanche of its kind ever witnessed by man or beast. The avalanche was the left pedal extremity of Mr. Robert Harbeson. Mr. Harbeson is held not guilty of willful murder.

NARROW ESCAPE OF M. H. S. STUDENT

Mr. Robert Richardson, well known and distinguished member of our school, met with a painful and precarious experience. Mr. Richardson, it seemed, previous to his accident had introduced into his stomach a large quantity of a peculiar liquid known as hooch. Its ingredients were unknown, but the young man experienced no unusual sensations. Later, in a moment of unusual excitement, while witnessing a musical comedy, by fatal accident, he swallowed his match. Immediately a loud explosion took place which rendered Mr. Richardson unconscious. The victim is recovering slowly and now chews safety matches.

NEWS ITEMS

An objection was recently made against drowning stray dogs for fear so many sunken barks would obstruct the shipping.

Jo F. and Lucy M. got bawled out in Civics this morning.

Sam goes around yelling, "Close that window!" He thought it was spring and took off his "long ones" too soon.

Rhea Mitchell got kicked out of Biology last week.

Herb Schettler says he doesn't wonder Olive is afraid of lightning. She's so awfully attractive.

James Andrews is very fond of forgetting to wear a tie to school. Room Six has decided to take up a collection and buy him a padlock to fasten his tie to him.

BONEYARD STAFF

CHIEF UNDERTAKER .....U. GETUM
PALLBEARER .....I. GOTUM
MOURNER .....LETUS WEEP

BOOK REVIEW

A typical scene selected from that fascinating tragedy entitled "The Right Honorable M. H. Stewdunt," by Rufus A. Tracy, Jr.

Time—About mid-winter.

Place—His abode.

(Overlooked by the Irrational Board of Censors.)

Raven darkness shrouded the chamber—the atmosphere maintained a sepulchral rigidity—weird—uncanny. It was that mysterious hour before dawn and weighed down upon one's senses like a pall. Strange rasping sounds issued intermittently from some abysmal corner of this labyrinthian silence. At times it rose to the semblance of a phlegmatic snort, leaving one in great confusion as to the source of this cantankerous aegophony.

Suddenly a sickening thud,—silence—a sound as of a human body falling. Our hero groaned, and, inspired by some mortal agony, stretched out his taut arm, the straining muscles bulging like huge knots. Sweat appeared in moist drops upon his lily white brow. Shuddering and twitching, he slowly turned on his side.

At last! Consciousness—but again the dread thud—each blow seemingly delivered with a force horrible to behold. Could our hero possibly recover consciousness? Seconds drag as hours. Now he opens his eyes—quickly a flash of intelligence strikes him—the situation unveils its odious mask. Painfully, every movement a torture, he arises, shuts off the alarm and wearily sinks back into bed—to gradually recuperate from the terrific shock. Time—a short time indeed—and he consequently makes the astounding discovery—it is time for school! ! !

APOLOGIES

Last week there appeared in our paper the following write-up in the Society column:

"Frederick Jesson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesson, and Miss Fern Herring were made happy by being disposed of at public auction at my farm three miles east of town in the presence of quite a large number of guests, including two mules and twelve head of cattle. Rev. Herbert Rusk tied the knot for the happy couple, averaging 1,250 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was profusely decorated with one sulky rake, one sausage grinder, two sets of work harness, nearly new, bought just before the ceremony was performed.

Mendelssohn's beautiful wedding march was rendered by one cow, five years old, who carried a bunch of bridal roses in her hand; she wore one light spring wagon, two barrels of apples, three ricks of hay, one grindstone, trimmed in about a hundred bushels of corn and some alfalfa hay."

We greatly regret that the wedding write-up and the sale notice were so badly confused.

OBITUARY

Eugene Spain tried to jazz in a canoe. He couldn't.

Fred Ferguson jumped on the ice to see if it was thick enough to be safe. It wasn't.

Sam took Oster's girl to the game to see if Os would do anything. He did.

Lloyd Lister struck a match to see if the gasoline tank on his car was empty. It wasn't.

Phil Elliott speeded up to see if he could beat the train across the track. He couldn't.

Bill Bloor proposed to a girl to see if she was engaged. She wasn't.

McLEAN–MAXWELL WEDDING

The Tyeum church was the scene of a delightful wedding recently when Miss Edith McLean, daughter of her mother, and Mr. Francis Maxwell, son of his father, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. The church was artistically decorated with bouquets of dandelions. Miss McLean was resplendent in a marvelous creation of blue-checked gingham, while the groom's natty suit of bright red burlap harmonized beautifully with his fiery locks. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Curtis Ford, D. D. The happy couple left for Pinhook via bicycle, where they will spend their honeymoon.

FAMOUS RECIPE FOR PROSPECTIVE BRIDES

By one of them

Mock Chicken Soup

Take a piece of white paper and lead pencil and draw from memory the outline of a hen. Then carefully remove the feathers. Pour one gallon of boiling water into a saucepan and sprinkle with a pinch of salt on the hen's tail. Now let it simmer. If the soup has a blonde appearance, stir with a lead pencil, which will make it more brunette in shade. Let it boil two hours. Then coax the hen away from the saucepan and serve the soup hot with a glass of ice-water on the table.

—Carrie Moore (Mrs. E. W. Butz)

INVESTIGATE

Our new asbestos derbies are just the thing for hot-headed persons. Will confine the heat to an extremely small area and are easily rejuvenated when sat upon. May be secured in three shapes, good shape, poor shape and very poor shape; also in two colors, black and extra black. We have a fine line. Come in and hear it. It will pay you. (Adv't.)

FOUND

A fountain pen walking up Fourth street.

INFORMATION BUREAU

Air—What Kenny Long walks on since Mary Scott arrived.

Athlete—A dignified bunch of muscles unable to split wood or sift ashes.

Automobile—From English "ought to" and Latin "moveo"—to move.

Bigamy—A form of insanity in which a man insists on paying three board bills instead of two.

Crow—A bird that never complains without caws.

Cider—Essence of the apple. For further information see Woots and Schettler.

Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman of the last word.

Girls—Words fail us!

Island—A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up through the water.

Knee—A movable settee for young ladies.

Life—One foolish thing after another.

Love—Two foolish things after each other.

Snore—An unfavorable report from headquarters.

Come in and see a demonstration of our Kum-a-part step-ladder. Guaranteed never to stay together. As an added inducement, we include a generous sized bottle of embalming fluid with the purchase of one ladder. Buy our Kum-a-part and you'll never use another. (Adv't.)

SOMETHING NEW

At last—a bristleless hair-brush for bald-headed men—the balder the better. It makes no difference to the brush. Will not mar the brilliancy or lustre of the dome in question. Absolutely the only brush a bald-headed man can use to any advantage. (Adv't.)

WANTED

A man to handle dynamite in a match factory. A splendid chance for a raise.

QUESTION BOX

When did Napoleon cross the Delaware?

Answer: You show your ignorance in this question. Napoleon was the name of a horse. It is more than likely that he went across by ferry. Possibly you are referring to the time he ran across on the ice.

When a young man thanks you for a pleasant evening, should a girl return thanks? Esther Wood.

Answer: Yes, in your case.

How can I secure a graceful carriage?

Answer: By going to the livery stable and paying the price.

Why are some women called Amazons?

Answer: Personally we think because they are so wide at the mouth.

I am very much worried and would like your expert advice. Harold has to kiss Margaret three times in the play! What shall I do? Mary B.

Answer: We recommend that you "go her one better" on the way home.

Will I graduate? Skelly.

Answer: This is a profound and complex question. However, we can answer with greatest frankness. If you receive passing grades you will pass. If you pass, you will graduate.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The following program was presented April 1 by several distinguished musicians. Such pathos, such exquisite harmony, such interpretation was never before heard. It made one weep to listen:

Celestial Beams ..... (harp)
Robert Padgett
Piccadilly Sue ..... (banjo)
Anthony Proctor
Indian War Dance ..... (jews-harp)
Frank Mumert
Ah J'ai Aime' ..... (accordion)
Frederick Mull
Evening Chimes ..... (bagpipe)
Harold Dysart
Oh—Helen ..... (ukelele)
Paul Wilmore
March of the Crickets.... (mouth-organ)
Harold Sayles
Rhapsodie Terrifique
Ensemble

WITH THE THEATRES

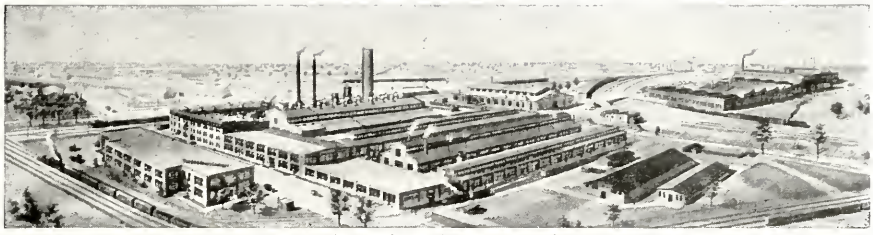
The wonderful attraction at the Ebonite Theatre this week is a play, "The Last Corncob," depicting with lifelike pathos the destruction which a few heedless words can cause. J. Thorne, the playright, is, without doubt, to be considered one of our rising celebrities. Mildred Conley, in the leading role, displays extraordinary talent, and completely conquers the hearts of the public.

HENRY HUSTON
—IN—
HIS WIFE'S HUSBAND
A Complex Matrimonial Problem
Supported by
MARY REED

THE RED RAZOR
A Thrilling, Hair-raising Production
Featuring
WILBUR REMY
THE DAREDEVIL

Don't Fail To See
BLACK BILL'S BLUNDER
Featuring
HERMAN (BLACK BILL) BALYEAT
Supported by an All-Star Cast, including
Mary Lape, Frank Mumert,
Olive Dow and Lucile McGee

SPECIAL SHOWING TODAY ONLY
KARL NEER
—IN—
THE RANCHER'S REVENGE
Don't fail to see "Cowboy"
in his Newest Photoplay.



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About the time electricity began to succeed oats as the motive power for urban transportation, this Company started to manufacture electric railway materials.

As electric traction developed, O-B Materials were applied to mine haulage systems. More lately steam roads have been turning to the newer method of locomotion—and to O-B Products.

Meanwhile electrical power became more and more popular in industry. Long, high-voltage transmission lines have been the result. For these, we furnish porcelain insulators from the O-B Factory in Barberton.

O-B Products also include a complete line of brass valves for domestic and industrial piping.

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MANSFIELD, OHIO

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Electric Railway Car Equipment

High Tension Insulators
Brass Valves
Third Rail Insulators

O-B High Tension Insulator Factory at Barberton, Ohio

PERHAPS NEXT MOONLIGHT

A pretty young woman stepped into a music shop the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music, and in her sweetest tones asked, "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned, looked, and said, "It must have been the man at the other counter. I've only been here a week."

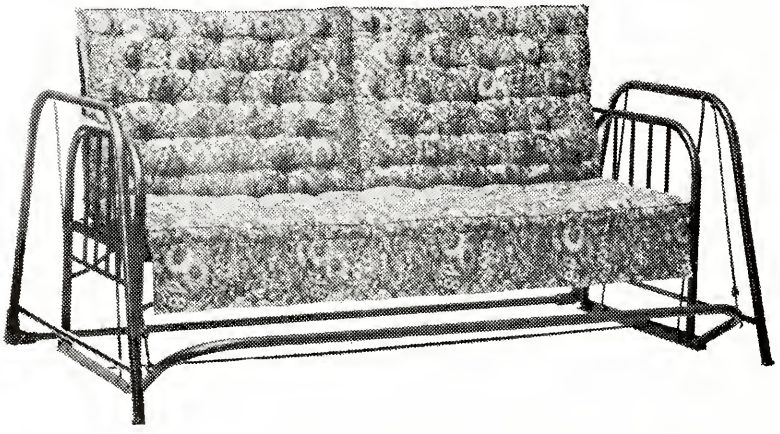
O CEASER

Boyibus kissibus
Sweet girlorum
Girlibus likabus
Wanta someorum
Pater perellibus
Enter parlorum
Kicka boyibus
Exibus deorum
Nightibus darkibus
Minuss lamporum
Climbibus fencibus
Breechibus torum.

Mildred M.—"You know, Huber, I always speak as I think."
Huber—"Yes, dear, only oftener."

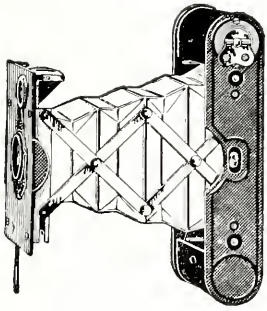
Restmore Couch-Swing

The Swing With the Patented Footrest



Ask Your Furniture Dealer to Show You One

Try It for Yourself and See How Comfortable It Is



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INCORPORATED
Mansfield, Ohio

WHEN YOU HEAR SOME ONE SAY—	*IT'S*
"Kitten pillars!"	Mary Brown
"I don't know!"	Arthur Kienle
"You tell 'em."	Marge Feeney
"Hot dogs!"	Sam
"Sweet papa!"	Lucile M.
"I thought I'd die!"	Jo. Fernyak
"You're a pumpkin."	Phil. Elliott
"Go hide behind a leaf."	Ruth Rowlands
"Oh, Herman."	Ileta
"Oh, you're cuckoo."	Mary Lee

Lucille McClure, in English—"He appeared with a beaming face carrying a dinner-pail which spoke for itself."

Do right and fear no man,
Don't write and fear no woman.

Visitor from Lorain—"Your tenor can hold a note longer than any one I have ever heard."

Herb. S.—"That's nothing. I've held one on him for two years."

Frank M.—"I heard you were going to swear off smoking, Woots; is that right?"

Woots—"Yes."

Frank—"Why?"

Woots—"Oh, it's becoming too effeminate."

REALISTIC

An art student recently painted a picture of a dog under a tree so life-like that it was impossible to distinguish the bark of the tree from that of the dog.

Mr. Chubb to Mildred DeWitt—"Say, Mildred, if you'd hurry up and get in the auditorium the rest of us could get up quickly."

Miss Neumann to Russell B., talking in Study Nine—"Russell, you're not on the entertainment committee."

Nervous passenger (during thunder storm)—"Isn't it dangerous to be on a street car when it's lightening so?"

Brilliant Eddie Fensch—"Not at all, the motorman is a non-conductor." The nervous one felt calmer.

"This parting gives me pain," he cried,
It did in very truth,
For when his mouth he opened wide,
The dentist pulled his tooth.

Visitor—"Does this Annual boast of a grind editor?"
Ed. Palm—"We've got one, but don't boast of her."

Jo Cook—"Miss Bloor has a new camisole; she wears it on her little finger." Later developments showed she meant a cameo.

"Can't you stretch a point?"
"Certainly," said the period—and thus the comma was born.

BEAUTY HINT—If you desire a good figure we recommend a course in Geometry.

"There's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

The girl stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but she had fled,
She wouldn't go until she got
Her hat on straight, she said.

Rufus Tracy (reading)—"He loathed and put away his food."
Ellen D.—"I put mine away, but I don't loath it."

A. Humphries—"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"
Harold Eller—"By not turning them in."

Mr. Fairchild in Algebra—"If there were four flies on the table and I killed one, how many would be left?"

Alice Grogg—"One. The dead one."

Bright Junior to Freshman trying to learn French—"Vous etes un morceau de fromage." (You are a piece of cheese.)

Freshman—"Oui." (Yes.)

THIS WOULD WORK IN M. H. S.

Little boy, after first day at school—"We all sit up straight when the teacher says cigarette" (sit erect).

First Boy—"Hear of the position Mr. Leedy has after school hours and Saturdays?"

Second Boy—"No, what is it?"

First Boy—"Testing shovel handles on the B. & O."

Second Boy—"How does he do that?"

First Boy—"Lean on 'em."

Miss Bowers—"Most names have some significance; for instance, 'Doloris'. It comes from the Latin word dolor, doloris, which means sorrowful."

Voice from rear—"They made a mistake when they named Dolores Williams."

A woman and a mirror
Are inseparable freaks
You'll never find the first
The last rejecting;
But the mirror it reflects
And very seldom speaks—
While the woman always speaks
Without reflecting.

The Mansfield Sheet & Tin Plate Co.

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The Oldest and Largest Bank in the City

Assets over FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

Commercial, Savings and Safe Deposit Departments

Miss McClure, in history, after asking the class for the exact dates of the primary election, said: "Well, I will tell you once more, the April elections are held on the last Tuesday in August."

Papa Leedy—"Sh-h-h, baby doesn't cry that loud!"

Don't be frightened, this was just said in choir practice in reference to the singing of "A Baby's Low Cry."

A gentleman undertook to purchase a blouse for his wife.

"What bust?" inquired the saleslady.

"Why, I didn't hear anything," replied the blushing gentleman.

Little bits of wisdom,
Larger bits of bluff,
Makes our profs all ask us
Where we get that stuff.

Irvin Brune—"Do you know the exact distance between your ears?"

Eugene Spain—"No, do you?"

Irvin—"Just one block."

Dale D.—"The statement, 'The higher the altitude the lesser the density,' is false."

Bob H.—"What's your proof?"

Dale—"You."

Carrie M. to Robert A.—"We can't read your awful writing."

Bob—"Did you ever see a great man's writing that you could? Look at Washington, Lincoln, Patrick Henry, etc., etc. (Yes, Bob, we all know.)

Manufacturers

— of —

Gold Filled Watch Cases

NORTH AMERICAN WATCH CO.

MANSFIELD, O.

Patience—"Hasn't Peggy come out of the water yet?"
Beatrice—"Oh, yes, long ago. She's in her bath house."
Patience—"But what keeps her there so long?"
Beatrice—"She bought one of those new combination bathing suits and I guess she's forgotten the combination."

Roscoe—"Why is kissing a girl like a bottle of olives?"
Howard G.—"I don't know: why?"
Roscoe—"You have to work like the dickens to get the first one, but after that——! !"

Bashful usher, to radiant young lady in the wrong pew in a very fashionable church—"Mardom me, Padame, this pie is occupewed; may I sew you to a sheet in the gallery?"

Mrs. Knote—"You people should do good work, you are the cream of the class."
Curt Ford—"Yes, but sometimes the cream sours."

SONG, by Dick Chase

A little bit of powder,
A little dab of paint,
Make my Gertie's freckles
Look as if they aint.

SYNOPSIS OF SENIOR PLAY

Act I—Maid, one
Act II—Maid won
Act III—Made one

POEM BY HERBERT RUSK

I've made a great discovery,
I'll tell Darwin, I think;
I looked under my bureau and
Found the missing link.

Mary had a little lamb
It turned its toes and died.
The wool became a pair of pants
That walked by Mary's side.

We work to beat the band.
Make the teachers think
Many a waving hand,
Little foolish questions,

Adam made love to Eve,
Punch made love to Judy,
But the funniest thing I ever heard
Was a flea making love to a cootie.
LaRue Aughey, '21

Compliments of

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MANSFIELD OHIO

JOHNNY'S HISTORY LESSON

I think of all the things at school
A boy has got to do,
That studyin' history, as a rule,
Is worst of all—don't you?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
And tho' I study day an' night
There's only one I've got just right,
That's 1492.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
In 1492.
We whipped the British fair and square
In 1492.
At Concord an' at Lexington
We kept the red coats on the run
While the band played, "Johnny Get Your Gun,"
In 1492.

Pat Henry, with his dying breath—
In 1492,
Said, "Give me liberty or death!"
In 1492.
An' Barbara Frietchie, so 'tis said,
Cried, "Shoot, if you must, this old bald head,
But I'd rather 'twould be your own instead."
In 1492.

Miss Pocahontas saved the life,
In 1492,
Of John Smith, an' became his wife
In 1492.
An' the Smith tribe started then and there,
An' now there are John Smiths everywhere,
But they didn't have no Smiths to spare
In 1492.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
In 1492,
An' I think the cow jumped over the moon
In 1492.
Ben Franklin flew his kite so high
He drew the lightning from the sky,
An' Washington couldn't tell a lie
In 1492.

(By request of Phil. Elliott)

Dit—"I say, you've heard that water is the only thing that cold expands, haven't you?"

Dot—"Should say I have; guess it's true, too."

Dit—"Taint."

Dot—"Tis."

Dit—"Taint."

Dot—"What's your proof?"

Dit—"My coal bills."

SHE DIDN'T "RING" OFF

"How about that telephone girl who married for love?"
"The line's still busy."
"What do you mean?"
"She's doing the family washing."

Louise K.—"Luther, do you say your prayers every night?"
Luther R.—"No, I say them in the morning."
L. K.—"What do you say?"
L. R.—"Oh, Lord, how I hate to get up."

Skelly—"They say that the face is an index of the mind."
Lizzie—"I don't know; it doesn't follow because a woman's face is made up that her mind is."

Harold Sayles, in history, speaking of starving children: "Every day three or four women bring their children to the river and throw them in to keep them from drowning."

Matrimony is a partnership—with one silent partner.

Boys' Dormitory—University of Wooster

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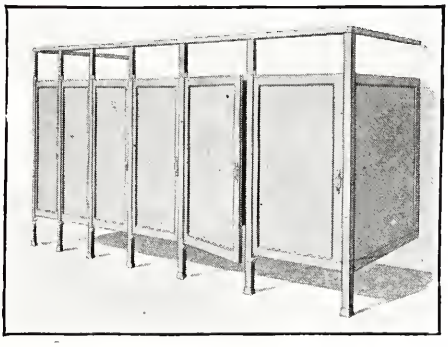


Lives of imbeciles remind us
That the time may come to pass
When we'll see one looking at us
From our trusty looking glass.

"Oh, good-morning, Miss Passe, I understand you have given up advocating women's right."

"Yes, I am now going in for women's lefts."

"Women's lefts? What is that?"

"Widowers."

Miss Blake to Harland Weimer—"Harland, do you remember what day you were late last week?"

Mildred Pickings—"It was Monday because it was the same day I was late." Looks bad.

"Isn't that girl a sort of suicide blonde?"

"What d'ye mean, suicide blonde?"

"Dyed by her own hand, old thing."

J. Andrews—"What's the difference between an elephant and a microbe?"

C. Brooks—"That's easy. One carries a trunk; the other the grippe."

Hazel Manner—"Do you know what it is to go before an audience?"

Frances Culp—"No, I spoke before one once, but it went before I did."

Selby Houston—"Can you dance the new Elevator Dance?"

Alice B.—"No, is it hard?"

Selby—"It's a cinch; no steps to it."

Grind Editor—"What makes this paper smell so funny?"

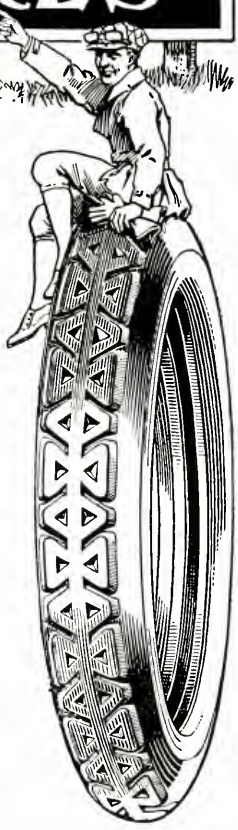
Phil Elliott—"Guess it's the stale jokes."

A close relative of one of the faculty went into a florist's shop one day. Seeing a basket of lily bulbs, he exclaimed, "My, what nice onions!"

(In Civics, the topic being city sanitation) Grace Babcock—"Only the choicest garbage was taken to the piggery."

Ray Fields, as Mr. Helter was taking a broken board out of his automobile: "Look, the board of education is broken."

MANSFIELD CORD TIRES



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He Will Appreciate It

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BACK-FIRED

When the clock struck twelve the other night, father came to the head of the stairway and in a rather loud tone of voice, said, "Young man, is your self-starter out of order tonight?"

Young man—"No matter when there's a crank in the house."

Sode to Marge—"What shape is a kiss?"
Marg.—"Why, I don't know; what is it?"
Sode—"Give me one and we'll call it square."

Rufus T.—(In Senior English)—"Well, he was married next, and then took to opium."

BRIGHTER NOW

Fat Bushnell—"Suppose you were in my shoes, what would you do?"
Heinie—"I'd shine 'em."

The famous painter met his death
Because he couldn't draw his breath.

Bob H.—"Were you bashful the first time you called on a girl?"
Bob A.—"Yes, but her father helped me out."

Mr. Reinheart—"I wouldn't be a fool if I were you."
Freshie—"I know you wouldn't be IF you were I."

Olive B. (after Mr. Chubb had assigned music seats)—"Do we have to sit here forever?"

WILD ONES

Fat W.—"What are we doing tonight?"
Ralph Henne—"Let's go over to the cemetery and dig up a couple of girls."

"Income tax," sighed the teacher, as he sat down where the playful little boy had meant him to.

Jo—"Bob's been filing his old love letters."
Mary Lee—"Are they as rough as that?"

Every woman has three unalienable rights—life, liberty and the pursuit of a husband.

Russell May (in bookkeeping)—"I am through with dates."

A woman and a mouse carry a tale wherever they go.

APPROPRIATE

Pat R., in Senior English—"I go; the bell invites me." (Just then the signal rang.)

If these jokes have
not stood
your test
please remember, it's our
best.

Class Will

We, the class of '21, of the Mansfield High School, in the city of Mansfield, County of Richland, state of Ohio, United States of America, being of sound minds (?) and feeling that we are an example for the under classmen, wish to bequeath some of our personal property:

Item I

To the under-classmen, our happy faces and sweet dispositions.

Item II

As graham crackers are beneficial brain food, we bequeath those back of the piano in room 5 to the next year's Annual Staff, so that through their long hours of trials and tribulations they may be properly nourished.

Item III

The torches on the ceiling of Room 5 that they may light the path of knowledge for the oncoming classes.

Item IV

The general success of '21 in all undertakings we leave to the class of '22.

Item V

Our Bolsheviki tendencies to the freshmen that they may gain initiative and firmness.

Item VI

The following articles of wearing apparel of some of us:

Phil Morrison's orange sash to Hen Isaly, to be worn as a necktie on his wedding day, providing he marries Betty Sampsel.

Mary Lape's jewelry to be distributed among the Junior girls to be worn at the Junior-Senior reception next year.

Christine Engwiler's five year old brown beaver hat to any one of the oncoming freshmen girls to whom it may be becoming.

Herb Schettler's moustache to Paul Anderson to give him the appearance of a man.

Winfield Haldeman's green and purple sweater to Mr. Foster so that he may be distinguished in a crowd at a foot ball game.

Item VII

Dale-Devere Ditwiler's pep and energy to Helen Schroer that she may always be on time wherever she goes.

Item VIII

Frappe Underwood's Beechnut to Fritz Jesson cautioning him not to chew it in Mrs. Wagner's study hall.

Item IX

To the oncoming classmen we leave the beautiful little Macbeths in English. Many and many a weary hour will you be forced to spend assimilating their contents. These books are a refined form of torture common in the middle ages. We leave them to you with the hope that you will spend as many weary hours with them as we did.

Item X

We do bequeath Jo Fernyak's smile to whomsoever it may concern to be used in luring next year's Senior President.

Item XI

The reputation of Curtis Ford as "a model young man" we leave to Red Guthrie to aid him in courting one of '21's fair damsels.

Item XII

Rufus Tracy's red cheeks we wish to be used by the Sophomore girls so that instead of spending their money at drug stores they may donate it to the high school library fund.

Item XIII

Bob Harbeson's length to Clarence Hein to assist him in reaching the encylopedia on the top of the bookcase in Study I, and to Charles Ford we leave the shortness of Mildred Newlon to aid him in hiding behind his book when caught in mischief by Mrs. Neumann. The ability of Mary Lee to create eternal triangles we do bequeath to Jean Gibson.

The shyness of Kenneth Kemble to Howard Wenning that he may be able to spend more time on his studies.

The infatuation of Kenny S. for Mable E. and Herm B. for Ileta, we cannot part with for we consider it very personal property. '21's clown, Sam Theaker, we dare not leave, for the Juniors, not being used to, might abuse him.

The sleep lost by the lawyers of this will we leave to be regained by Andy Kozma, Herb Slough and Hurst Anderson in the study hall. We do hereby appoint F. Whitehouse as sole executor of this will.

(Signed) '21

Witnesses:

Mary Lee

Christine Engwiler

Ileta Wert

Dorothy Carroll

HMS

Autographs

Autographs

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